

THE ILLUSTRATED

# SPORTING & DRAMATIC

NEWS



No. 292.—VOL. XI.

[REGISTERED FOR  
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1879.

PRICE SIXPENCE.  
BY POST 6½D



MLLE. JUDIC.

## RAILWAYS.

## GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

WARWICK RACES, September 2nd and 3rd.

Ordinary trains leave PADDINGTON for LEAMINGTON and WARWICK at 5.30 and 10.0 a.m., and 12.30, 3.30, 5.0, and 6.30 p.m., and return at frequent intervals daily.

On TUESDAY, September 2nd, a SPECIAL TRAIN for WARWICK will leave PADDINGTON immediately in front of the 10.0 a.m. train, calling at Oxford and Leamington only, and reaching Warwick about 12.45 p.m.; and will return from Warwick at 5.45 and Leamington at 5.50 p.m., on WEDNESDAY, September 3rd, calling at Oxford, Reading, Slough, and Westbourne Park. See handbills.

J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

## LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

WARWICK RACES, Sept. 2nd and 3rd.

The London and North-Western Company's EXPRESS and FAST Trains, between London and Warwick, run as under:—

Week days—1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class by all trains.

LONDON (Euston) dep. 5.15, 7.30, 9.0, 10.10 and 11.0 a.m., 12.10 noon, 3.0, 4.0, 5.15 and 6.0 p.m., and 12.0 night. WARWICK (Milverton Station) arr. 9.8 and 10.45 a.m., 12.10 noon, 1.18, 2.30, 3.15, 6.0, 6.59, 8.15 and 9.15 p.m., and 3.8 night. WARWICK (Milverton Station) dep. 7.30, 9.25, 9.45 and 11.0 a.m., 12.10 noon, 1.5, 2.10, 3.55, 5.55 and 7.10 p.m. LONDON (Euston) arr. 10.30, a.m., 12.30 and 12.50 noon, 2.15, 3.15, 4.0, 5.10, 6.55, 9.0 and 10.15 p.m.

On TUESDAY, Sept. 2nd, a SPECIAL TRAIN will leave Wolverhampton at 9.20 a.m.; Walsall, 9.45 a.m.; Dudley, 9.25 a.m.; and other Stations for Warwick (Milverton Station). Returning thereto from the same evening at 7 p.m. A Special Train, at excursion fares, will also leave Birmingham New-street at 10.20 a.m. Returning from Milverton Station same evening at 7 p.m.

For Fares, &amp;c., see bills.

On WEDNESDAY, Sept. 3rd, a SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN will leave Milverton Station, Warwick, at 5.50 p.m., and Avenue Station, Leamington, at 5.55 p.m., for Rugby, Market Harborough, Stamford, Northampton, Peterborough, Oxford, Cambridge, and London.

For particulars see bills.

G. FINDLAY.

Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Euston Station, August, 1879.

## GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—

TWO MONTHS and FORTNIGHTLY RETURN TICKETS are now issued to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Cromer, Aldeburgh, Harwich, Dovercourt, Walton-on-the-Naze, and Hunstanton.

## SATURDAY TO MONDAY AT THE SEASIDE.

Every Saturday, first, second, and third class Return Tickets at Reduced Fares are issued by all trains from London to Hunstanton, Cromer, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Walton-on-the-Naze, Dovercourt, Harwich, or Aldeburgh, available for return by any of the advertised trains on any day up to and including the Wednesday following the day of issue.

A Special Excursion Train to Walton-on-the-Naze, Dovercourt, and Harwich, will leave the Liverpool-street Station every Sunday at 9.0 a.m., and every Monday (calling at Stratford), at 8.0 a.m. Fares—8s., 6s., 4s.

Broxbourne and Rye House every Sunday at 10.0 a.m., and every Monday and Saturday at 9.30 and 10.2 a.m., 12.45, and 2.45 p.m. Fares—3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d.

Epping Forest.—Excursion Tickets will be issued every Sunday and Monday to Woodford, Buckhurst Hill, and Loughton. Fares—2s., 1s. 6d., 1s. To Chingford—2s., 1s. 4d., 1s.

For full particulars see handbills and time books.

London, August, 1879.

S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

## BOMBAY.—ANCHOR LINE from LIVERPOOL

DIRECT.—Regular Sailings *via* SUEZ CANAL. First-class Passenger Steamers, fitted up expressly for the trade. Qualified Surgeons and Stewardesses carried.

From Glasgow. From Liverpool.

COLUMBIA Saturday, Sept. 6 Wednesday, Sept. 10

INDIA, Sept. 27 Oct. 1

TRINACRIA, Oct. 18 Oct. 22

ITALIA To follow. To follow.

First-class Fifty Guineas. Apply for berths, or handbooks, to Henderson Brothers, Union-street, Glasgow, and 17, Water-street, Liverpool; J. W. Jones, Chapel-walk, Manchester; Grindlay &amp; Co., 55, Parliament-street, S.W.; or to Henderson Brothers, 19, Leadenhall-street, London, E.C.

## THE UNIVERSITIES CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION (Limited)

(Lately called the Clergy Co-operative Association (Limited), 92, Long-acre, W.C.)

DIRECTORS.

The Rev. Edward Wm. Blore, Senior Fellow, late Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The Rev. Sherrard Beaumont Burnaby, Christ's College, Cambridge, Vicar of Hampstead.

C. J. Faulkner, Esq., Fellow and Bursar, University College, Oxford.

The Right Hon. the Lord Lyttelton, Trinity College, Cambridge.

Lieutenant-Colonel Percy G. B. Lake.

C. J. Ribton-Turner, Esq., Managing Director, late of the Charity Organisation Society.

The Rev. J. Troutbeck, M.A., Oxon, Priest in Ordinary to the Queen, Minor Canon of Westminster.

Sir Llewelyn Turner, Chairman of the Carnarvon Harbour Trust.

W. Wightman Wood, Esq., University College, Oxon, Barrister-at-law.

BANKERS.—Messrs. Praed, Fane, and Co., 189, Fleet-street, E.C.

SECRETARY.—D. TREVOR-ROPER, Esq.

The Members of the Association are divided into three classes:—

I. Shareholders.

II. Life Members.

III. Annual Subscribers.

SHAREHOLDERS.—The Shares are £2 each, of which 10s. is payable on application, 10s. on allotment, and the remainder on call. (To save trouble, the amount payable on allotment may, if preferred, be paid on application; or the Shares may be paid in full on application, or on allotment).

If less than five Shares are taken, the whole amount of £2 per Share must be paid on application.

Shareholders are entitled to participate in the profits and the management of the Association, and have special advantages with regard to the carriage of goods.

LIFE MEMBERS.—Payment for a Life Ticket is £1 1s.; it confers all the privileges of Shareholders, except participation in the profits and management.

Annual subscribers pay 2s. 6d. a year, together with an admission fee of 2s. 6d.; those introduced by Shareholders are exempt from the admission fee.

## STORES AND BUSINESS.

The Queen's Theatre (formerly St. Martin's Hall), in Long-acre, facing Bow-street, has been acquired by the Directors for a store. It is one of the largest buildings in the centre of the metropolis, having a ground area of 10,600 ft., and is pre-eminently suited for the purpose.

For qualifications of members see application form.

Information and forms can be had on application.

The Stores will be OPEN for BUSINESS on MONDAY, September 1, at Ten a.m.

## UNIVERSITIES CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION (Limited), 92, Long-acre, W.C.

NOTICE.—The STORES will be OPEN for BUSINESS on MONDAY, September 1st, at 10 a.m. Tickets are now ready for distribution to properly qualified applicants.—By Order,

D. TREVOR-ROPER, Secretary.

## UNIVERSITIES CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION (Limited), 92, Long-acre, W.C.

NOTICE TO MANUFACTURERS and OTHERS.—The Association will not accept or be responsible for any Goods which are not ordered on the Printed Order Forms belonging to the Association, duly signed by the Secretary and countersigned by the Managing Director.

(By Order),

D. TREVOR-ROPER, Secretary.

## CANTERBURY.—ARIEL! ARIEL! ARIEL!

A new Grand Mystic and Poetical Ballet entitled ETHEREA, at 10.15, in which ARIEL appears in her wonderful Flying Dance and Magic Flights of 40 feet.

## CANTERBURY.—ARIEL! ARIEL! ARIEL!

The Morning Post says: "Grace, ingenuity, and celerity are united in a remarkable combination." "This performance is novel, pretty, and unique, and therefore well worth seeing."

## CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES.

Under Royal Patronage.—Entire charge of VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT, commencing at 8. PAT'S PARADISE at 9. Miss Nelly Power, supported by Miles, Ada, Broughton, Powell, and the Corps de Ballet. Prices 6d. to £2 2s.

## THEATRES.

## THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.—

## PROMENADE CONCERTS

Under the direction of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. Musical Director, Mr. Arthur Sullivan. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Cellier.

Every evening at 8. The following artisles will appear during the week: Mlle. Dyna Beumer, Mrs. Osgood, and Miss Mary Davies; Madame Patey, Miss Orridge, and Madame Antoinette Sterling; Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Barton McGuckin, Mr. F. King, Mr. Maybrick and Mr. Santley; Madame Essipoff, the celebrated Pianist. Mr. Howard Reynolds. The orchestra consists of 85 performers. Leader, Mr. A. Burnett. Grand Selection from Bizet's successful Opera, "Carmen," for full Orchestra and Military Band, arranged expressly for these Concerts by Mr. Alfred Cellier. Monday next, Beethoven's Symphony in B flat (No. 4). Wednesday next, Classical night. Friday next, English night.—Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d. to £4 4s. Dress Circle, 2s. 6d. Stalls, 2s. Promenade, One Shilling. Box-office open daily from 10 to 5.

MR. JOHN S. CLARKE. Every evening the performance will commence with Coleman's Comedy of the HEIR-AT-LAW, with new scenery by T. W. Hall, and the following cast:—Dr. Pangloss, LL.D. and A.S.S., Mr. John S. Clarke; Dick Dowlas, Mr. H. B. Conway; Zekiel Homespun, Mr. Charles Harcourt; Steadfast, Mr. John Ryder; Daniel Dowlas, Mr. H. J. Turner; Kenrick, Mr. H. Rivers; Henry Morland, Mr. J. C. Buckstone; John, Mr. James; Waifer at the Blue Boar, Mr. Weathersby; Cicely Homespun, Miss Linda Dietz; Caroline Damer, Miss Blanche Henri; Deborah Dowlas, Miss Emily Thorne. To conclude with the comedy, in three acts, of A WIDOW HUNT: Mr. Clarke as Major Wellington da Boots. Doors open at 7.30, commence at 8. Box office open from 10 till 5. HAYMARKET THEATRE.

## LYCEUM THEATRE.

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD'S Special Season.

## FORGET-ME-NOT,

Every Evening at 8.45, Miss Genevieve Ward, Messrs. Forbes-Robertson, S. Calhoun, F. Tyers, &amp;c., &amp;c.; Mesdames Leigh Murray, Louise Willes, &amp;c. Preceded at 8.0 by LOVE IN HUMBLE LIFE. Miss R. Phillips. Messrs. Calhoun, F. Tyers, &amp;c. The only Morning Performance will be on Saturday next, Sept. 6th, at 2. In the evening FORGET ME NOT will be played for the last time previous to Miss Ward's provincial tour. Box Office open daily 10 till 5. No fees. Doors open at 7.30, commence at 8.—Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.

## PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.

Every evening at 7.45, DRINK—a complete success. Mr. Charles Warner as Coupeau in the New Sensational Drama, DRINK, the only authorised version of the French play "L'Assommoir," by Charles Reade.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. B. WEBSTER. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—Every Evening at 8, THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN. Messrs. Henry Neville, R. Pateman, F. W. Irish, E. J. George, F. Charles, H. Cooper, and Hermann Vezin; Mesdames Lydia Foote, Harriet Coveney, Maria Harris, and Clara Jecks. Preceded by JESSAMY'S COURSHIP. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30. Box Office open 10 to 5. No booking fees.

## GAETY THEATRE, STRAND.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

Open at 7. Operetta at 7.10. Burnand's BOULOGNE at 7.30, and at 9.30, a new Burlesque, by Henry J. Byron, HANDSOME HERNANI. Close at 11. Prices from 6d. No fees. Miss E. Farren, Miss K. Vaughan, Mr. E. Terry, Mr. Royce, and the whole of the Gaiety Company.

## CRITERION THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHAS. WYNNDHAM. BETSY, another genuine

Criterion success. Every Evening, at 9, the new Comedy, in three acts, adapted from the French of MM. Hennequin and Najac, authors of "The Pink Dominos," by F. C. Burnand, Esq., entitled BETSY, in which Messrs. H. St. A. Maltby, Lytton Sothern, George Giddens, and W. J. Hill; Mesdames Lottie Venne, Mary Rorke, A. Edgeworth, Maude Taylor, Fleury, and Stephens will appear. Preceded by, at 8, JILTED, by A. Maltby. Doors open at 7.30, commence at 8. Box-office open from ten till five daily. Free list totally suspended.

## VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—120th and following

nights of THE GIRLS. Every Evening at 7.30, HOME FOR HOME; S. an original modern Comedy in three acts, entitled THE GIRLS, by Henry J. Byron. Concluding with OUR DOMESTICS, in which Messrs. David James and Thomas Thorne will sustain their original characters. Supported by Messrs. Henry Howe, Thomas Thorne, Garthorne, Bradbury, Austin, L. Fredericks, Hargreaves, and David James; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Holmes, Richards, Larkin, &amp;c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

## NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate.—Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. John and RICHARD DOUGLASS.

The celebrated Criterion Comedy, PINK DOMINOS, supported by Mr. Charles Wyndham's specially-selected Company, Every Evening for 6 nights only.—Monday, Sep. 1st, and following evenings, at 7.15, PINK DOMINOS. Messrs. William Manning, A. Buckley, Ferry, D. Gaunt, Parlock, Campbell, and Henry Dacre; Mesdames Jenny Beauville, Cutts, Kate Waldon, J. Grey, Pauline Beafore, T. Waldon, and Laura Fane. Conclude with a comedietta.

## ROYALTY THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.—CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK, and VENUS.

Great success. Roars of laughter. Crowded houses. The doors will open at 7.30. Performance commence at 8 o'clock precisely with the enormously successful comedy, CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK, by Geo. R. Sims. Followed at 10, by VENUS, by E. Rose and A. Harris. Music by E. Solomon. Mesdames Nelly Bromley, Rose Cullen, Marie Williams, Alma Stanley, Edith Blanche, Phebe Don, Hastings, Emilie Copsey, &amp;c.; Messrs. Edgar Bruce, Charles Groves, Carton, James, Saker, Solomon, Desmond, &amp;c., and chorus. No booking fees.—Acting Manager, Mr. Augustus Harris.

## BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.

Sole Proprietress—Mrs. S. LANE.

Every Evening (Wednesday excepted), Quarter to Seven, FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY. Messrs. Revolds, Newbound, Evans, Bigwood, Charlton, Hyde; Mdlles. Adams, Bellair, Rayner. Concert by Will and Amy Forest, J. Plumpton, Sisters Neville, and Teddy Mosdale. CAPTAIN FIREBRAND. Messrs. J. B. Howe, Towers, Lewis, Drayton, Reeve, Payne, Mills; Mdlles. Brewer, Summers, Newham. Wednesday—Benefit of Mr. H. Evans.

## NEW Grecian THEATRE.

Proprietor, Mr. T. G. CLARK.

Every evening at 7, the enormously successful Drama, by Henry Pettitt, THE BLACK FLAG. Supported by Messrs. James, Sennett, Monkhouse, Dobell, Syms, Parker, &amp;c.; Mesdames Vivian, Victor, Denvil, Sennett, &amp;c. Splendid new scenery and effects. Concluding with the highly successful Drama, THE OLD SALT. Characters by the Company.

Dancing in the Illuminated Grounds.

## ROYAL AQUARIUM, WESTMINSTER.

Open from 11 a.m. till 11 p.m.

Universally acknowledged to be a wonderful Shillingworth.

## Always something new.

## 3.15. VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

## 7.30. VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.

## 8.30. SECOND GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

Attractions the Whole Day.

## ROLLER, THE SWORD SWALLOWER.

## LIGERO, THE PERFORMING BULL.

The Feature of the Season.

FARINI'S FRIENDLY ZULUS. Gigantic success. The Times says:—"They seem utterly to lose all sense of their present position; if English actors could be found so completely to lose themselves in the characters they assumed, histrionic

the general public his criticisms carry considerable weight. So far as I can understand, the point at issue between Mr. Young and his critic seems to be this: the critic complained that the "subtle spirit of poetry" was wanting in the adaptation, and Mr. Young supposes that as *Lucrezia Borgia* is a prose play it could not contain the spirit of poetry. I think, on the contrary, that it could. Mr. Young does not seem to be aware that prose can be poetical, and will have no poetry unless it rhymes or is in blank verse. Mr. Young, too, does not seem to like references to Denham and the *Aeneid*, and apparently thinks that critics should only give hackneyed quotations; and here again I differ from him. Altogether he would have been very much wiser if he had possessed his soul in patience.

THAT newly-crowned monarch the Prince of Bulgaria has a near relative in the English navy, which gives His Majesty a certain claim to respect; otherwise many English people would not accept the same view of an approaching marriage in his family as that put forward in some of the Continental papers. The Hamburg *Fremdenblatt* first gave the rumour, which is to the effect that the Prince Henri de Reuss, *proche parent du prince de Bulgarie*, was going to marry Mlle. Clotilde Loisset, the charming equestrienne whom all Parisians have applauded at Franconi's Circus, at present engaged at the Cirque Renz, at Vienna. Some of the papers speak of this as a *mésalliance*, or something of that nature; but had it not been that the new monarch's brother, as an English officer, gives the Bulgarian ruler a certain position, I should have thought that the marriage would have been rather an honour to the family and an excellent thing for the Prince de Reuss.

THAT troublesome woman, Mrs. Weldon, has been misconducting herself I see from the papers, and showing her appreciation of good manners by insulting one of the Metropolitan magistrates. That it should pay this irrepressible person to insert advertisements telling the world that she is at home on certain days is to me one of the wonders of the century. I can quite understand anyone madly flying in the opposite direction when she is announced; but that any human being should desire to hear her talk is utterly mysterious, and that he should pay for the infliction passes the bounds of belief. No charge is made for admission, I am told, but it is hinted that the hat goes round when the show is over. Only two explanations seem possible. One is, that attendance within the range of Mrs. Weldon's tongue is a severe penance inflicted by the Roman Catholic priesthood upon peculiarly sinful subjects, and the other that so far the at-homes have been a failure; but Mrs. Weldon clings to the hope that she may derive some good from them in the end. If her cadging were for the purpose of raising a sum of money to take her out of the country, I, in common with many others who are weary of her, should be delighted to subscribe handsomely.

Of all the stories of battle that have ever been told, I do not think anyone so thoroughly illustrates what we are pleased to consider—and I hope consider rightly—the true English spirit and way of doing things as the little incident at a reconnaissance before the battle of Ulundi, of which Lord William Beresford was the hero. The English were almost led into a terrible trap, and only found out the danger just in time. They turned to retreat, and the Zulus poured in a volley which brought down the gallant grey horse of a mounted infantry man; his rider fell head foremost. The correspondent of the *Standard* was in his usual place—where there was most to be seen. (He is a gentleman without pushing friends in the press, and so it has not been suggested that he should have a peerage for doing his duty.) "I thought both man and horse were killed at first," he says; "but the former soon struggled to his feet, with his face covered with blood and dazed with his fall. Lord William Beresford, seeing what had happened, pulled up; and in the face of advancing hosts of yelling savages within easy range, quietly trotted back and told the man to mount behind him. With a cool courage scarcely second to Lord William's, the man refused, noble fellow that he was, preferring the certain sacrifice of his own life to the probability of destroying his preserver. The reply was admirably terse and telling. The savages swarmed closer and closer, bullets rattled around them, the two who lingered were almost within reach of the assegais, and Lord William returned, 'Get up, or I'll punch your head!'" Such a story needs no comment.

IN a case of robbery by a butler, which was tried on Monday last at the Middlesex Sessions, and reported at length in the *Standard* and other papers, the prisoner was charged with stealing an umbrella, to which he pleaded not guilty. The case was proved against him, from conclusive evidence, one of the facts being that he pawned the article in question, and the ticket from the pawnbroker was found in his possession. A second charge against this man was that he had stolen various articles of jewellery from his mistress, which he pawned at the accommodating "Uncle's," on the same day as he pawned the umbrella. Tickets referring to the jewellery were also found upon him, and his identity was sworn to by the pawnbroker's assistant. The amiable butler still pleaded not guilty, but finding he was cornered, craved permission of the learned judge to put a few questions to the lady he had robbed. The required permission being accorded in the most affable manner, the convicted thief drew forth a dozen or so folios of foolscap, and proceeded to endeavour to vilify his late employer's character, by questions and insinuations of a most diabolical kind, to all of which the witness gave justly indignant denial. Those questions having nothing whatever to do with the case, once or twice the prosecutrix appealed to the judge for relief from the slanderous tongue of this man, who, having failed in escaping the consequences of his crime, tried in the base manner described to interest the jury in his behalf. The learned judge, however, appeared to encourage the prisoner to continue his questioning, which at length ended, and in nothing, except the annoyance caused to the poor lady at the time, which on the following day was increased by reading a

detailed account in the morning papers. The moral of all this appears to me that it is placing a kind of premium on such crimes, and peculating servants will, in many cases, plunder with impunity, if they are allowed, even after being found guilty, to read off a series of statements and baseless fabrications, which they probably feel certain will be fully reported in the daily and other papers, to the serious injury of the persons they have wronged.

RAPIER.

#### DOWN IN DENSHERE.—A ROYAL STAG-HUNT.

To brightest beams distracted clouds give way,  
So stand thou forth, the time is fair again.

were the words I addressed to one of my sporting companions on the morn of the day which had been fixed for the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to the lovely counties of Devon and Somerset for the purpose of witnessing for the first time the exciting sport of chasing the wild red deer over the heather-clad hills, through the emerald glades, the densely shaded combes, and the wild and romantic spots which are to be found in and about Exmoor. All that was needed to make the visit enjoyable to the Prince was fair weather, but so wild and wet has been the spring, summer, and autumn, as far as we have entered upon it, that scarcely anyone ventured to predict a fine day. A friend of mine, whose temper has been sorely tried, and whose ideas have been sadly muddled by the novel system of weather forecasts, inquiring of me how I accounted for these wonderful climatic disturbances, I replied that it had been well known for a long period that the sun had been under a cloud, and the elements having assembled, it was resolved that "Sol" should go into liquidation; hence these tears, or, more properly speaking, tempestuous times. Better fortune, however, was in store for us, and "soon as the morning trembles in the sky, and unperceived unfolds the spreading day," I am up anxiously watching for the coming dawn, and I see "the quenchless stars, so eloquently bright, untroubled sentries of the shadowy night," pale away, and retiring before the jocund morn. For once in a way we were to have bright sunshine, calm breathing breezes, and pleasant weather, throughout an entire day. The Prince of Wales had travelled on Thursday last from Devonport to the Dunster Station, by rail, arriving at that singularly quaint old town at 5.25 p.m. An immense concourse of spectators, hailing from all parts of Devon and Somerset, were eagerly awaiting a sight of the Heir Apparent, who has never previously visited this—the fairest portion of his dominions. Upwards of a hundred tenants of the Dunster Castle estate, on horseback, were in waiting to escort the Prince through the town, which was gaily decked with flags, evergreens, and flowers; whilst the assembled multitude cheered the Royal visitor to the very echo. With little loss of time the cavalcade reached the Castle, a venerable pile of buildings, erected on a tor, from which there are very extensive views of the adjacent lovely country, with the noble range of the Quantock Hills, which tend down to the Bristol Channel as a background. The Castle was erected by Sir William de Mohun, one of the noblest of the host who accompanied William the Conqueror to England. The Luttrells of Dunster Castle, his descendants, are now represented by Mr. George Fownes Luttrell, a large landowner, a Master of Fox-hounds, and a thorough sportsman. A large and select party of visitors were invited, including the Prince Louis of Battenberg, Viscount and Viscountess Bridport, the Hon. Rosa Hood, Lord Ebrington, Rear Admiral Hood, C.B., Mr. and Mrs. Granville Somerset, Colonel Kingscote, Sir Henry Keppel, Lord Charles Beresford, Mr. Alexander Luttrell of the Rifle Brigade, the Rev. John Russell, Mrs. Bosanquet, and Mr. Knolles, &c., Twenty-seven guests in all sat down to an elegant banquet in the truly baronial hall.

Knowing that there would be little chance of obtaining accommodation at either Dunster, Porlock, or Minehead I journeyed to my favourite quarters, the Lion Hotel, at Dulverton; and on my arrival there I found every room engaged and every horse and carriage bespoke. In fact, so great was the demand that rather than be disappointed of the sight, one gentleman amongst the many seeking in vain for the means of reaching the meet on the following morning at Hawkcombe Head, telegraphed to London for horses to be sent down. Having taken the precaution of ordering a horse some days previous, I found the following morning at the appointed hour of eight o'clock a sturdy cob brought round to the door, upon which I mounted and trotted away smartly, having eighteen miles to go to cover, travelling for some time along the bank of the River Barle, which was brawling loudly, as its sparkling waters hurried over the big boulders on their way to join the Exe. Away up the steep hills, through the narrow lanes, stopping to pick a spray of the beautiful wild honeysuckle, which drooped gracefully from the tall hedgerow, admiring the innumerable beautiful ferns that deck the banks, and the brilliant fox-gloves peeping out from amidst them. Then Winsford Hill is reached, from which there is a glorious view over the vast space of undulating ground, visible as far as Dartmoor.

At this season of the year the country usually presents a brilliant appearance, the lovely hues of the heather-bloom being the chief feature; this year of cheerless weather has sadly changed the aspect of the hills and dales, scarcely a handful of blossom being visible. Then as I cantered quickly along I overtook numbers of horsemen, and many in carriages, carts, and waggons, hastening to Hawkcombe: then Exford was reached, where I halted for five minutes. This place I found crowded, and I was prepared by the signs on the road to find that Devon and Somerset had come out literally in their thousands, clustering on every hill-side along the route which the Prince was expected to traverse on his way to the fixture. The pack, consisting of fifteen couples of fine hounds, was on the hill-side surrounded by a group of well known sportsmen, amongst whom was Mr. S. H. Warren, of Dulverton, the acting Master in the absence of Mr. Mordaunt Fenwick Bissett, whose absence was regretted greatly, more especially as it was caused by the very recent death of his father, Archdeacon Bissett; Mr. Froude Bellew, the Master of the well-known Dulverton Fox-hounds, and Mrs. Bellew, one of the boldest and best riders it has ever been my good fortune to see; Dr. Collyns accompanied by his nephew, who, following in the footsteps of his uncle, will keep up the reputation of this sporting family, if I mistake not. Earl Fortescue; Sir Thos. Dyke Acland, a large landowner, and a staunch supporter of stag-hunting, who, though never joining in the sport himself, could not refrain on this occasion from making one of the number assembled to do honour to the Prince, doing everything in his power to ensure success, especially in case the stag should run in the direction of Cloutsham, and over Dunkery, the highest point on the coast of the Bristol Channel, upon which the warning beacon stands that guides the mariner up and down this dangerous channel; Mr. Nicholas Snow, the Master of the celebrated pack of foxhounds known as the "Stars of the West;" Mr. Chorley, the Master of the Dulverton Harriers; Mr. and Mrs. Connack Marshall; the Rev. John Jekyl and Miss Jekyl; and a host of well-known residents and riders of this part of the country, including Mrs. Collyns, Mrs. S. H. Warren, Mrs. Williams, and many others who, from want of space, I am unable to enumerate. In the midst of his pack, mounted on a

clever-looking horse, was Arthur Heal, the well-known huntsman, successor to the renowned "Jack Babbage," who hunted the Devon and Somerset for many years, whose quiet demeanour and manner attracted the especial attention of His Royal Highness; with George Southwell, the cheery whip, and hard rider over this extremely difficult country; and Miles the Harbouer in attendance, whose province is to track the stag, denoting his whereabouts, a most important person in the proceeding, as he it is we depend upon to find us a "runable" stag on this momentous occasion. Then, whilst the large assemblage are picnicing and enjoying themselves, a loud and protracted cheer announces the arrival on the scene of the Royal visitor, who, arriving in a carriage and four, passed at slow pace along the line of spectators, who, waving hats and handkerchiefs, welcomed their Prince with loud huzzas. Accompanying His Royal Highness was Prince Louis of Battenberg, Mr. Luttrell, the Rev. John Russell, the octogenarian sportsman, so well known and deeply respected in these parts, and Lord Charles Beresford. After leisurely passing through the line of lookers-on and halting frequently, enabling all present to see him to advantage, the carriage moved on to the stables of the Hunt, where Mr. Prince, the stud-groom, was in waiting with the Prince's two favourite hunters, Cockney and Dashwood, who carried him safely o'er flood and field during his visit to India. Then, His Royal Highness having mounted, Arthur Heal, with three couples of tufters, proceeded to draw for a stag in Lord Lovelace's beautiful covert, which runs down in the direction of the sea-shore. The view from this point was lovely in the extreme; across the Channel was the Welsh coast, seemingly basking in the brilliant and welcome sunshine, which favoured us this day; before us was Bossington Point, a bluff, bold headland, overlooking Porlock Bay; to the right the grand heather-clad hill of Dunkery; and on the hill-sides, and upon every "coign of vantage," a serried host of spectators.

Ere long the horn of the huntsman is heard on the hill; there is a quickened movement on the part of the phalanx of horsemen assembled at the further end of the wood; then the welcome cry of "Tally-ho! tally-ho!" is heard, as a fine stag is seen crossing the open space going in the direction of Porlock; but fearing to face the open, he returns to his favourite home amidst the leafy shades, turning out one of his younger companions from his lair, and quietly taking his place, as is the cunning custom of the wild red deer when pursued by his foes, for we see a fresh and lighter stag moving in the woodland wild. Then again we hear loud and repeated cries of "Tally-ho!" from the crowd, and gallop away in hot haste, making for Exmoor. Here we are doomed to disappointment, for it is a young stag, and Mr. Warren does not allow the hounds to be laid on the scent. Then we make our way down a tremendously steep hill, through a babbling stream, along a lovely valley, mounting another hill, and going in the direction of Deer Park—a portion of moorland in the vicinity of Oare Valley, especially reserved and carefully fenced in as a preserve for the red deer by the owner, Mr. Snow, who is one of the greatest supporters of this unique and manly pastime. Very soft was this treacherous grass-grown part of the moor, soddened as it has been by the long and penetrating rains, and my sturdy brown cob was suddenly floundering up to his hocks in a boggy place, from which, however, he cleverly extricated himself without much difficulty.

"Keep moving, sir," said a well-mounted farmer; "this is a very soft spot, and it doesn't do to stand still." Frequently as I have gone across this country, I have never known it to ride so badly, and when crossing at full speed over that part in which deep trenches had been cut for the purpose of drainage, it was due to the cleverness of the animal I was mounted on that I was saved from coming to grief whilst crossing these grass-grown, rotten pitfalls. A short time had only elapsed when a stag went away, going in the direction of a grand line of country, and we tallied him in vain, for there were several stags and hinds on foot, but at last one broke away from the combe, and went away at a rattling pace, and, the hounds being promptly laid on, we were soon urging on our steeds through the boggy ground, rising precipitously asents or descending the almost perpendicular hill-sides, crossing swiftly flowing rivulets, stumbling over the big boulders, but still going on, on, in pursuit of our quarry. At one time I see three men down at a grip, their horses sinking deep in the quagmire, one of the fallen losing a valuable gold watch in the mud. There goes the Prince, pounding along right well o'er hill and dale and moorland, making good way o'er the treacherous ground, when suddenly his horse sinks deep into the bog, and floundering about for a moment cleverly extricates himself, and is soon seen mounting one of the steep hills, bearing his rider safely to the summit, where the Prince halted for a moment to get a breather, whilst most of the riders had dismounted in order to ease their nags when climbing this steep acclivity. Then after crossing Doone Valley, and struggling across the forest, we cross the road and run in the direction of Lynton. Here the ground is firm and the going better. The field has by this time been greatly reduced by the pace, and the difficult line which the stag had taken; then, after running within a short distance of Lynton, he doubles back and returns over the hills, making for Badgworthy Waters, where he is finally run into and killed. The Prince, who was well up at the finish, quickly dismounted and waded across the stream, and after witnessing the customary ceremonies attendant on the death of "the some time monarch of the glen," expressed himself greatly delighted with the run, which lasted for one hour and forty-five minutes. Only a select few were able to live close to the hounds throughout this capital chase. Conspicuous amongst them was Mr. Collyns on his clever little grey horse, one of the best and most earnest of the many good sportsmen who ride with the Devon and Somerset; Mr. Chorley, the well-known Master of the Harriers, which show such fine sport over the heather; and Mr. Pearse. The Prince, leaving his escort and dispensing with the guidance of his pilots, "ganged his ain gate" for awhile, mingling with the farmers, and delighting them with his affability and good humour, chatting freely about the country and the noble sport he had witnessed.

"Ah, Prince!" said one; "you're no bad judge of a horse," when he told them that he had bought the nag he was riding out of a baker's cart in the Isle of Wight.

Mr. Collyns was then presented to His Royal Highness, for the purpose of offering for acceptance a copy of "Notes on the Chase of the Wild Red Deer in the Counties of Devon and Somerset," written by his father, the well-known sportsman of former days, Charles Falk Collyns, a rare work, which gives the author's experience, during forty-six years, of the mysteries of "harbouring, tufting, and slotting the red deer," which the Prince graciously accepted.

Earl Fortescue, Mr. Nicholas Snow, the Rev. John Russell, and several others were, if not in the very first flight, there or thereabouts, during this clinking and now historical run. Great credit is due to that most genial of sportsmen, Mr. S. H. Warren, for his admirable management, as, also, to Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Mr. Snow, and, in fact, to all the landlords and tenant farmers of the district over whose ground the Prince of Wales first gained his experience of hunting the wild red deer.

FRED. FEILD WHITEHURST.

## GROUSE SHOOTING IN IRELAND.

(Continued.)

## "THE THIRTEENTH" IN MAYO.

A CONSPICUOUS member of the Opposition once typified all proverbs as "the stereotyped idiocy of a past age," and never was there a more conspicuous example of "stereotyped idiocy" than the oft-quoted golden rule of life—"go to bed with the sun, and rise with the lark." In the face of it, it is easy

enough to roost with the sun and rise with the lark; the great difficulty it will be universally admitted, is to rise *after* the lark, especially when the "blithe spirit" takes the form of a hard day's walking after grouse.

Never were there three more unwilling sportsmen, fresh from Pall Mall, than were we on the morning of the Thirteenth of August, 1879. The lark had been singing out his heart at heaven's gate, and our servants had been knocking the skin off their fingers at our doors several hours before either the ears, the eyes—alas! we fear we cannot include the mouths—of the sluggards opened, and then only when our host himself shook us

by the shoulders, and announced, being a gallant captain in the county Militia, that we would be late for "bathing parade" and "the serving out of the rations."

Once really awake it does not take long to jump into a pair of what a lady novelist we wot of calls "unwhisperables," a loose coat and a pair of shoes, and, throwing a couple of towels over our shoulders, to steal down a back stairs and find oneself running races towards the clear yellow strand of the glittering Loch Carron, across the green and gay lawn sprinkled with sons of the soil and gaily-attired peasant girls in red petticoats, and white handkerchiefs tied round their heads,



A NEW MELODY.

all singing, laughing, and tossing the new sweet-smelling hay—a scene such as one might not expect to see nearer than vine-clad Tuscany.

The pride of an Englishman is his "tub," but, to use a sporting term, "tubs" are not in the betting with a good swim before breakfast, which, while it cools and cleans the body, gives one an opportunity of stretching the limbs.

A breakfast, consisting of a couple of good cups of strong tea—better than all the B.'s and S.'s and "pick-me-ups" in the world—with really rich cream, a couple of fresh eggs, and a

large slice of home-made potato cake, the like of which could not be procured anywhere, certainly for love, and I fear not even for "gold, bright and yellow, hard and cold," laid the foundation of the fortification of the inward man about to start on a campaign of forced marches.

An inspection of the dogs proved our companions of yesterday's march to be sadly lame and *hors de combat*; so, after a "personally conducted" inspection of our hostess's fowls and flower-garden, which could have supplied Solomon's and Brook's with bouquets, "button-holes," and fruit for at least a week in

the season, we proceeded to choose out a new set of dogs from the kennels.

That "the Twelfth" had been but mere skirmishing, but that this was to be a day of slaughter, was mutually agreed and decided upon.

Our old friend, Father Pat, had come to a mutual arrangement with his curate, not of a sporting turn, to be answerable for all "sick calls" on the mountain side, if he would look after his (Father Pat's) end of the parish, and thus was enabled to accompany us once more. For variety sake we took another

road from that of yesterday, and passed the old Abbey of Bal-lintubber, which is erroneously supposed to have been sacked by Cromwell, but in which, though its walls are covered with parasite ivy, its chancel grown thick with coarse grave grass, and its splendid arches and windows are open to the winds of heaven, mass has never ceased to be offered up on Sundays and holidays. It must, indeed, be a grand and beautiful sight to see the primitive people kneeling in snow, rain, or sunshine amongst the grave-stones of their ancestors, whilst their pastor offers up a sacrifice in which they universally believe, but hardly

understand. There is a fine dramatic legend attached to the place, which runs that in the days of darkness, when a price of two guineas was put on the head of every priest, one Shaun-a-sogeth—or John the priest-hunter—followed a young deacon across the mountains and overtook him near here, where a fight for life ensued, in which the priest came off victor. Shaun-a-sogeth's body was buried outside the abbey, and an ash-tree is said to have sprung up through his head—being a block, we suppose—and down again through his body, and no blades of God's grass—"uttering tongues," as Walt Whitman has it—

were ever seen to grow under this tree, which existed up to the time of the great peat famine, and was, alas! then cut down for fuel. The sight of the grave is now unmarked and unknown.

To-day there must be no loitering after the picturesque, no stopping to gather a sprig of heather or a little blue sun-dew for "the inevitable she"—the girl we are always leaving behind us. All must be pure business, our reputation rests on it, and our host demands it in return for our wage. Every creature that crosses our path—hare, rabbit, grouse, curlew, green or grey plover—must be looked at as part of each man's "piecee-



SCENE FROM THE POLISH PLAY OF "CHATY ZA WSIA."

work," and each bird of the air or beast of the field missed must be reckoned as so much taken off our wages. Like Artemus Ward's hero, Buck Fanshaw, each man, including Father Pat, so far "peeled" as to cast aside his collar and necktie, and having been given "room according to his strength," was "on it bigger than an Injun." "Steady boy, steady!—grouse!" comes from the voices of the local "take-care" and keeper behind us, as the dogs, beating up against the wind, pause with stiffened tail and suspended paw, and a suspicious glance round to see if we are looking. "Go on, sir! steady!" comes the warning in suspended breath

from each "first murderer." A little tweet, and a poor little lark rises, and is instantaneously blown to dust before the four winds of heaven by a charge of No. 6 from the gun of a too eager sportsman—alas! one of our party. The whine of the kicked dog was the only epitaph over the dust of the poor little singer. Much hasty "chaff" at the expense of our friend, and we are again following the dogs with our eyes and feet. Suddenly Blush stands stone still, as if petrified, and our word of "Steady!" brings the other dogs sneaking up. A gentle hint from behind, and he steals cautiously and hesitatingly forward, as if every limb were an independent member,

the sportsmen meanwhile fearing to lower their eyes. A whirring sound, as with a little cry a pack of ten rise in the air. Bang, bang, bang, bang!—bang! come the sharp crack of the five shots. The young dogs rush forward, and are checked by the finger whistle of "Johnnie," the keeper. The smoke clears, and we attempt to follow them in their flight, and mark where they will lie. They give a turn, and are "over the hills and far away." Three birds only are amongst the slain, and much dispute arises as to whom the live bird belongs. It is mutually arranged that every man killed his bird, and nearly established, under cross-examination, that one Jones—we will

him—shot at and killed two. It is also affirmed that seven out of ten birds got away. It is never otherwise—at least, *hardly* ever. We are “on it” again, “toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing!” which, rendered into bald prose, means “tramping, slaying, missing.” At about two we pitch our camp, and lunch from some substantial foolscap paper parcels of beef sandwiches and a draught of cool, clear spring water from a local “blessed well” which abound where, about the middle music of the spring “chance cast” Tristam.

Westward on the low, sweet strand,  
Where songs are sung of the green Irish land,  
And the sky loves it, and the sea loves best,  
And as a bird is taken to a man’s breast—  
The sweet-souled land where sorrow sweetest sings,  
Is wrapped round with them as with hands and wings,  
And taken to the sea’s heart as a flower.

Over the repast arises the question of “that bird,” and it is “mutually arranged,” as the lawyers would say, that “Jones” had “a slight claim to the disputed, wounded, missing bird,” which explanation was revived at poor “Jones’s” expense on our joining the ladies after dinner that night.

We have come to the conclusion that our moor contains about twenty packs of grouse, ranging from seven to ten and fourteen birds each, among whom, together with good duck, rabbit, and cormorant shooting, we hope to divide our month in Ireland, and the burden of our “song in season” will be—

Each morning sees some task begun,  
Each evening sees its close.

A. M. M.

### MUSIC.

So far as music is concerned, this is the dead season of the year. A month hence the autumn season will commence, but in the meanwhile metropolitan lovers of music are dependent on Messrs. A. and S. Gatti for their enjoyment. Their excellent Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden continue to attract crowds of visitors, and the arrangements have been characterised by good taste and liberality. The programmes have been interesting, and, in addition to the attractive performances of the fine band a number of eminent vocalists have taken part in the concerts.

Mme. Dyna Beumer, who made her first appearance in England at the Promenade Concert of Saturday last, is an artist entitled to a hearty welcome. She has been endowed by nature with a pure soprano voice, and her powers have been developed by careful culture; her latest teacher being that accomplished vocalist, M. Faure. In the aria, “Qui la voce” (*I Puritani*), she sang with genuine expression and purity of phrasing; and in the Shadow Song from *Dinorah* she proved herself an accomplished executant of florid music. She was warmly applauded, and throughout the past week has established herself in public favour by her artistic rendering of vocal music belonging to various schools.

The Beethoven Concert on Monday last attracted a large audience, and the “Eroica” symphony was, on the whole, well executed, although on this occasion—as on others during the week—the band was weakened by the absence of twenty or more of the leading performers, who were at the Birmingham Festival. Capable deputies were provided, but there was a lack of the cohesion and unanimity arising from the continual association of a large body of performers. Happily, the Birmingham Festival is over, and the Covent Garden band will next week be fully up to the usual high mark.

The long-promised orchestral selection from *Carmen* was produced on Tuesday last, and included almost all the salient melodies of Bizet’s popular opera. The arranger, Mr. Alfred Cellier, had an *embarras de richesses* before him, and was no doubt reluctant to exclude anything; but the selection occupied too much time, and should be compressed into a shorter period than forty minutes. The leading melodies were recognised and welcomed, but the inevitable “padding” necessitated by modulations from one key to another had a depressing effect, and the selection would probably have been more acceptable had it been restricted to a smaller number of themes.

The programme of the classical concert on Wednesday last included Haydn’s ever-welcome “Oxford” symphony in G; the overtures to Weber’s *Euryanthe* and to Mendelssohn’s *Ring Blas*; an air by Bach, played as a violoncello solo by M. Holman; and vocal selections from Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Weber, and Mendelssohn, sung by Mme. Dyna Beumer, Mrs. Osgood, Mme. Sterling, and Mr. F. King. Part 2 of the concert included the selection from *Carmen*, the overture to Auber’s *Crown Diamonds*, and other instrumental and vocal pieces of a miscellaneous kind.

Since the departure of Mme. Montigny-Rémaury no pianist has taken the place of that admirable artist, and this is to be regretted. To a large number of amateurs and students pianoforte solos by accomplished players are highly attractive. It is not necessary to import such players, for there are many to be found among our native musicians. For the present we must be content to wait the arrival of Mme. Essipoff and Mr. Charles Halle.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan is said to be regaining his health and strength in Switzerland. During his absence, Mr. Alfred Cellier has discharged the duties of conductor.

M. Rivière has engaged Miss Emma Thursby as the *prima donna* of his next series of Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden. The vocal waltz, “My heart has its love,” composed for her by M. Louis Engel, and in which she made a brilliant success last season, has just been published by Messrs. Chappell and Co. M. Rivière has also engaged Mme. Hamakers, of the Grand Opera, Paris.

At St. George’s Hall a series of concerts under the direction of Signor Vergara are being given nightly; the programmes are varied and popular, and should command success. Many well-known artists have appeared during the past week, amongst whom have been Mesdames Zimeri, Le Brun, Bessie Richards and Schiller, MM. Rocca, Gormet, Carrion, Vergara, W. Clifford, and De Monaca. The last-named gentleman sang with much success a Romanza by Tosti, “Ti rapirei,” which was encored. Signor Li Calsi and Signor Romili are the conductors.

We have received the first fruit of a suggestion emanating originally from our own pages, and are proud to have been even indirectly the origin of an invention so useful and desirable. Mr. Blatchford’s sketches of an artist’s difficulties while out sketching, given in a former issue, set a neighbouring optician’s (Mr. Henry Porter) ingenuity to work in devising some means whereby the plague of stinging flies might be defied without inconvenience or difficulty, and the result has been what he calls his “Anti-Midge and Mosquito Veil Spectacles and Face and Neck Protector,” which will be hailed as a boon of no mean value to landscape painters, anglers, and travellers generally, for it will be seen at once that not only the fly pest, but that of flying dust and sand, may also be escaped by its aid. We have tried it, and can speak with authority.

Dogs.—NALDIRE’S TABLET, a Medicated Soap for washing Dogs (Prize Medal, Paris Exhibition), destroys Fleas, cleanses the Skin, and improves the coat and health of the dog. Price is, of all Chemists, Grocers, and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

### Drama.

#### THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

AN original play, in three acts, called *Forget Me Not*, the joint production of Mr. F. C. Grove (author of *All for Her*) and Mr. Hermann Merivale, has been produced upon these boards by Miss Geneviève Ward. In literary merit it is considerably in advance of the ordinary run of new plays, and if something is sacrificed to the prevalent demand for “smart” dialogue, it has sufficient earnestness in sentiment and feeling to give it strong dramatic power and fair claims to respectful criticism. Miss Ward’s powers as a highly-talented actress of the romantic school receive full scope in her personation of the leading part, Stephanie de Mohrivart, a beautiful but selfish, heartless, and vicious Frenchwoman, who, growing old, is desirous of winding up a life of immorality and open shame in Paris by getting admission into good society in Rome, and there finding a wealthy husband. Stephanie is a somewhat complex study of character. Charming in manners, graceful and beautiful in person, highly accomplished, and with a powerful intellect, she holds her strong passions in servile subjection to her stronger will, making her still beautiful face a mask to conceal rather than expose her more impulsive thoughts and emotions. Proud, revengeful, and cruel, suffering no obstacle to prevail against her will, she matures a clever but terrible scheme to serve her end. On this turns the plot of the piece.

Between ten and eleven months before the scene opens, her son (the Vicomte de Brissac) married Rose Verney, a young Scotch lady of good family. At that time Stephanie and her husband (an impoverished French nobleman) were keepers of a notorious Parisian gaming-house, of the most dangerous and disreputable kind, to which the former acted as decoy, systematically enticing and encouraging young foreigners of wealth and fashion by winning their hearts or inflaming their passions, with a view to their ultimate pecuniary ruin. Her son—brought up in a distant spot, kept from his parents, and in ignorance of their disgraceful lives—woos and marries Rose. A terrible event makes known to him the shameful position his parents occupy. Amongst the frequenters of the gaming-house is a young Corsican gentleman, Benedetto Francini, who, duly fascinated and encouraged, falls wildly in love with Stephanie, and when he has lavished away all his money in gifts and gambling he is rudely driven from her doors with scorn and insult. Then all his love for her turns to hate as passionately intense, and in that savage spirit of revenge, which has long been characteristic of his race, he murders Stephanie’s husband, and only just fails in his attempt to kill her. The exposure of a public trial ends in the breaking-up of the gaming establishment, the condemnation of Francini to the galleys for life, and the death of Vicomte de Brissac, killed by the shock. Rose, his widow, with her sister Alice, and their old friend and companion, Mrs. Foley, retire to Rome, where a child is born, to whose future training and welfare the sisters determine to devote themselves exclusively, shutting themselves up, in their dread and terror of the world, in entire seclusion from society, so acutely do they feel their intimate association with a woman like Stephanie, and the circumstances which published to the world—as they conceive it—her, and their, disgrace. Here the play commences.

Mrs. Foley (admirably played by Mrs. Leigh Murray) is visited by an old flame, Prince Malleotti (as cleverly portrayed by Mr. S. Calhaem), to whom the above story is told and commented upon, to account for his not having met her in Rome save by accident. Alice (very cleverly played by Miss Louise Willes), is wrought up to a frenzy of terror, which she can with difficulty conceal, by a letter from Stephanie (Miss Ward), in which she announces her intention of coming to reside with them for six weeks. She also tells her the purpose of her visit, and the means by which she intends to enforce it. The society they shudder to face must be met, in order that Stephanie, under the shelter of their rank and character, may obtain admission to it. Feeling that this would be death to her widowed sister, depicted as a soft-voiced, lack-a-daisical, uninteresting young lady in delicate health, by Miss Eily Paton (here is a weak point in the play, since its main interest turns upon the sympathy of the audience with a woman in her position), Alice keeps the letter a secret until the arrival of her lover, Sir Horace Welby (very ably acted by Mr. Forbes-Robertson), to whom after Stephanie’s arrival, and then only to defend her own pure character, she confesses that the horrible woman, whom Sir Horace knows only too well, has a mysterious power over her, which she cannot and dare not resist. In vain he points out the blasting effect such companionship will have upon her character when fashionable society discover who the woman she knowingly introduced to it really is. Every word inflicts torture, but she is helpless, and must do the vile woman’s will. Horrified and bewildered, Sir Horace promises to rid her of Stephanie. In times past he, too, was one of her victims, and knew her husband’s murderer. Then commences that battle between the man and the woman which gives the play its most exciting interest. He threatens exposure; she only smiles calmly and charmingly, chiding him with musical laughter for having forgotten how little she cared for the world’s opinion; he appeals to her feelings with the same aggravating result; they are weaknesses to which she never stooped. She is in short a kind of female Mephistophiles, with a smile of mocking sweetness in the place of a sardonic grin, and all a lovely woman’s charms of appearance and attire in the place of his eccentric grotesqueness of both. But under the exterior we now and then get glimpses of the misery and remorse they hide, notably in a fiery speech of passionate intensity, in which she points out with scathing satire, under which Horace shrinks and cowers in an agony of repentance that he whose union in the estimation of fashionable society would honour and confer dignity upon the noblest and purest of her sex, had shared the vices and guilty pleasures which had made her as pestilence and poison in the eyes of good society. “Men,” she says scornfully, “lead double lives—a woman stands or falls by one.” We have no space to tell how the crafty battle rages, and the woman triumphs; cleverly, and mockingly, baffling and defeating every fresh attempt to drive her back into ignominy and poverty, until the Corsican, released from the galleys for good conduct and acting as a police spy in Rome, makes his appearance, and under the management of Sir Horace, to whom he owes a great debt of gratitude, unconsciously terrifies away the woman, whom to see would be to kill. Nor can we explain in detail why Article 13 of the Code Napoléon, regulating the conditions of a marriage between a husband under twenty-five years of age with a wife under twenty-one, gave Stephanie that power of making her dead son’s wife his mistress and his child a bastard, of which she so desperately, remorselessly, and cruelly makes use. The powerful acting of Miss Ward was a triumphant success, and the new play was received with repeated bursts of applause by a large and enthusiastic audience.

#### VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

Another and no mean attraction has been added to *Home for Home* and *The Girls* at this house in the revival of *Our Domestics*, originally produced at the Strand, a piece which, although adapted from the French, has not a character or feature in it

that is not worn threadbare in our old English comedies of the last century. Thanks to Messrs. James and Thorne, who personated two gentlemen’s servants who play upon the weaknesses of their masters and thrive thereon, Mr. F. Hay’s sprightly little adaptation proved highly entertaining, and was received with much applause. Miss Illington, Miss Richards, Miss Larkin, and Mr. Hargreaves personated the subordinate characters with good effect.

#### MR. JOHN S. CLARKE AT THE HAYMARKET.

This deservedly popular comedian reappeared on Monday at this theatre, for a limited number of nights, playing his celebrated characters of Dr. Pangloss, LL.D., and A.S.S., in *The Heir-at-Law*, and Major Wellington de Boots in *The Widow Hunt*. It is unnecessary to enlarge on the way Mr. Clarke plays the pompous tutor, with his quotations for every incident in life, and the craven-hearted militia major, the public being already well acquainted with these impersonations; suffice it to say that the actor has lost none of his cunning, every movement of his mobile features and every speech causing roars of laughter. Mr. Clarke is well supported by Mr. John Ryder, Mr. H. J. Turner, Mr. H. B. Conway, Mr. C. Harcourt, and Mr. J. C. Buckstone; and Mesdames Linda Dietz, Blanche Henri, and Emily Thorne. Mr. Harcourt appeared to greater advantage in *The Widow Hunt* than he did in the old comedy. The house was crowded from floor to ceiling.

The *Sydney Morning Herald* mentions the death of Mr. F. M. Bates, tragedian, whose body was found under circumstances proving robbery and suggesting murder, although a *post-mortem* examination showed that the immediate cause of death was heart-disease, probably accelerated by a fall.

*H.M.S. Pinafore* continues to be a great success at Sydney, where Mr. W. Creswick and his attendant star, Miss Helen Ashton, have been reaping golden opinions.

Mr. H. A. Jones’s new domestic drama, *Harmony Restored*, was successfully produced on August 13th, at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, by Mr. Wilson Barrett. The same author’s original comedy, *Elopement*, met with a most favourable reception on its first production, last week, at the Theatre Royal, Oxford. Mr. G. W. Harris, the popular manager, played the leading part. The audience followed the piece with marked appreciation throughout, and at its conclusion the actors were called before the curtain and warmly cheered.

Mr. John Howson will go on tour with Jas. C. Scanlan, to play Gaspard in *Les Cloches de Corneville*, also the Commodore (his original part) in *La Crèole*, till Easter next.

Mr. Toole has been compelled to abandon his projected new theatre in the Strand, in consequence of extravagant demands on the part of some who hold portions of the required property.

Mrs. Bateman will re-open Sadler’s Wells in October with *Rob Roy*. The new stage is more than 50 feet deep, and the roof has been raised so as to permit the production of plays requiring great scenic effects.

*Crutch and Toothpick* will be introduced to the Americans by Mr. Sothern, at the Park Theatre, New York.

It is stated that the Christmas piece at the Alhambra is likely to be an adaptation by Mr. Farnie of *Rothenmayer*.

Miss Gertrude Kellogg last week opened a series of dramatic readings at the Polytechnic Institution, and was very favourably received. We found but one fault: the readings were too few and short. Miss Kellogg is a lady of great histrionic ability, and her readings are quite strong enough to occupy an entire evening or afternoon without the aid of other entertainments. She gave us “Darius Green and his Flying Machine,” with much quiet humour and clever mimicry; “Kitty Maloney,” the lament of an Irish servant on the introduction of a Chinese helpmate into the establishment of her mistress; and “Charles Edward at Versailles,” by Aytoun, which was recited with great spirit and force of expression.

Mr. Charles Sugden will shortly return to the stage under the management of Mr. Edgar Bruce.

Mr. Herbert will play Jack Wyatt in the to be revived *Two Roses* at the Vaudeville.

Mr. Augustus Harris is now spoken of as the new lessee of Drury Lane.

The Prince of Wales’s Theatre re-opens on September 26th, and Mr. Irving returns to re-open the Lyceum on the same date.

A new drama by Mr. Boucicault is in preparation at the Adelphi.

Miss Helen Barry and Mr. F. Macklin will perform at the Crystal Palace next month.

*Fernande* is in preparation at the Court Theatre.

#### SIR EVELYN WOOD IN ESSEX.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL Sir Evelyn Wood had an ovation on Wednesday on his arrival in Essex. Accompanied by Lady Wood and Lord Hatherley, he proceeded to the residence of his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Barrett-Lennard, Belhus Park. At Rainham station, which was decorated, there was a large assemblage, and much enthusiasm prevailed. A procession, headed by gentlemen on horseback, was formed, and proceeded towards Belhus. Along the road there were numerous flags and devices of welcome. Outside the village of Aveley, near which Belhus is situated, an address from the inhabitants was read by the rector, the Rev. Bexley Luard, to which Sir Evelyn Wood made a hearty and soldierlike reply. He said that he owed the success on which they were congratulating him to the devotion to duty which distinguished every man in his column, from bugler to colonel, and to the confidence which existed between himself and them. He referred in feeling terms to the death of Captain T. Ronald Campbell, who was connected by marriage with Essex, and to the gallant way in which it was avenged by young Lyons and Corporal Fowler, of the 90th. He added that although he was at one time said to be working the life out of his men, and although he always insisted on the strictest discipline, the exhibition of affectionate regret with which his men bade him farewell was as touching as the welcome he was receiving at home. The horses were then taken from the carriage, which was dragged in triumph through the village. It was escorted by guards of honour of the 2nd Essex Artillery, under Captain Wingfield Baker, late M.P. for South Essex, and the 3rd Essex Rifles, under Captain Fry, preceded by their respective bands, and followed by mounted men and many carriages. The procession, as it wound through the park, presented a very fine appearance. On reaching Belhus, Sir Evelyn Wood found telegrams of congratulations from the High Sheriff and other gentlemen of the county. It has been determined to present Sir E. Wood with a major-general’s sword, and to entertain him at Chelmsford at dinner at an early date.

The *Central News* says:—“So satisfied are the military authorities with the performances of Sir Evelyn Wood during the operations in Zululand that they have it in contemplation to recommend him to Her Majesty for promotion to the rank of major-general supernumerary to the establishment.”

Our readers may remember we gave a portrait of Brigadier-General Wood in our issue of June 7th.

## SPORT AND SPORTSMEN AT DIEPPE.

So many fallacies have been exploded of late years that any one who utters what was once a well-understood truth has at first sight the appearance of being behind the age. The man who hints that Jezebel had her weak points, or that Nero was not a model of what a really admirable monarch should be, seems ignorant of the latest contributions to the history of those celebrities; and to chaff a Frenchman for his slight and usually mistaken ideas of sport is very far indeed from being a novelty. Yet what is a conscientious historian to do? To strike out a new line and endeavour to prove that M. de Grandecraavatte goes to work in the right way would give a writer original ground to traverse, but in his journey he would be entirely unsupported by facts. There are exceptions, of course, which all of us could name. Some Frenchmen are as well known in St. James's-street, at Hurlingham, the Ranelagh (more especially there perhaps), at Ascot, Sandown, Cowes, in Leicestershire, and other familiar resorts, as some Englishmen are in Paris and round about it; but these are the few, and from a careful study of sport and sportsmen at Dieppe during the race week, which is not yet over as I write, and will only be just past when these lines appear, I can assert with perfect confidence that the ordinary Frenchman, in spite of all the introductions of various sports during the last few years, knows scarcely more about racing than middle-class Frenchmen—and Frenchwomen especially—know of true politeness and good behaviour.

The race week at Dieppe means more than racing. Though there are only three days of racing proper, the meeting extends from Friday, the 22nd, to Tuesday, the 26th, the grand day being Sunday, the 24th; and the intermediate days are filled up with pigeon shooting, polo, various gaieties of a theatrical, musical, and social nature at the Casino, wild gambling with the race game and the newly introduced regatta, together with the usual amusements of a French watering-place. So far as the slaughter of hapless pigeons goes, indeed, the "sports" began on Wednesday, excitement having been previously worked up by the erection on the *Plage*, the green space between the road and the sea, of stands, and an enclosed circle within which the birds must die if they are to be counted as dead; together with a further boundary to keep the populace some few hundreds of yards from the gunners, making liberal, but not always unnecessary allowance for little divergences in aim. There are here, let it be granted, some few men who can knock pigeons down, and a very few who can actually kill them, and who shine at the least reputable of all British sports; but there is here, also, M. Petitsinge, the quasi-sporting little Frenchman, an excellent specimen of a type which has never yet been by any means exhaustively treated.

M. Petitsinge's ambition is to be considered *un vrai sportman*, and he with others who are like unto him are now in their element. He has plenty of money, which his father made out of a contract for brown-paper-soled boots for the army, and the heir is making it fly. Petitsinge has a share in several cracks that are running at the different meetings along the Normandy coast, and is the owner of three polo ponies that may be seen at exercise on the road to Arques or along the *Plage*. He does not ride them himself, and has not the faintest intention of doing anything so stupendously insane as playing polo; but the presence of the little animals affords him an excuse for walking about the Casino in spurs, with a cutting whip in his hand, and a circular patch of wash-leather let into the knees of his trousers. It is well known that an English *sportman* always wears spurs at his *cercle*, and Petitsinge will not be outdone in fashion by any milord. So he swaggers about, to the intense admiration of the majority of his countrywomen, for Petitsinge does not hide his light under a bushel, and likes to be prominent in every assembly, so that if it should please him to put down a few francs at the table where the *petits chevaux* are running their endless circles, he will elbow his way to the front, pushing Englishwomen roughly aside with as much ease and carelessness as his own countrywomen themselves display when they are too much in the background, and strangers have a better view.

At the *Tir aux Pigeons* Petitsinge is marvellous to behold. A huge tie spreads over his bosom, and he has changed the riding trousers for others cut rather tight at the knees and wide over the boots. He is in the sweepstakes, and anxiously awaits his turn as the wretched birds flutter a few feet above the trap, receive the two barrels, either fly away or fall struggling to the ground to be killed and retrieved by a dog, who looks a great deal too good for his work. What has happened to these birds I do not know, but that they are a miserable and feeble race, if they have not been mutilated for the sake of giving the noble sportsmen a better chance, is unmistakable. Petitsinge's turn is coming. Before him, I am sorry to say, for it is a wretched occupation, an Englishman steps out onto the planked path. He stands upright; the string is pulled, the trap flies open, the bird rises a few feet and falls within two yards of his late prison. Now comes Petitsinge. Observe his proceedings. He holds his gun in both hands and creeps cautiously from the tent as though he were stalking wild animals. He stretches his little legs apart one behind the other; ducks three or four times as if about to jump in the air; sways his body backwards and forwards; raises his gun to his shoulder and lowers it again; tries a new position and goes through a new set of tricks. Being able to do this sort of thing with an audience looking on is to Petitsinge the great charm of the *Tir aux Pigeons*; and here we arrive at the true reason why Frenchmen so rarely excel in any sport: they will not think about what they are doing so much as about how they look while they do it. The trap falls to pieces, another pigeon is released. Bang goes the first barrel, and bang goes the second, the bewildered bird flies slowly right over the shooter's head, over the tent, turning down the *Plage* past the *Hôtel de Dieppe*, from the window of which I am looking on, and disappears in the direction of Puy. Petitsinge, however, has made a noise and a lot of smoke, and is not unhappy as he retires to explain at length to all who will listen how it happened that he came to miss.

If only to escape from the constant banging of guns the first day of the races is welcome, but for other reasons the novelty of a French racecourse has attractions. Racing in France is no light matter, to be carried out simply by the aid of the stewards and a few functionaries. The municipality, the *maire*, the officers of the various regiments, the *gendarmerie*, all come into play, and for a few sous the inquirer can purchase a paper headed "Police des Courses de Chevaux" including all that "Le Maire Le Vert" has to say on the subject. The hippodrome, as the course is called, is at Rouxmesnil-Bouteilles, a spot between Dieppe and the village of Arques, about a mile and a half distant from the favourite Normandy seaport. Trains stop at the very entrance, from which the masts of vessels in the port are picturesquely visible, and after passing the line of sentries, without which no function in France can be carried out, you find

yourself on the pretty little course. The principal stand or "tribune" is a canvas roofed building, with a sort of lawn in front, and some distance behind it the ring is formed by a number of bookmakers, who are already beginning to be musical. At the farther corner of the enclosed space horses are being led about. The two courses, flat and steeple-chase, run side by side before the stand, and opposite to it is the water jump, just three times as wide as my umbrella, with the hurdle which does duty for a fence on the ground close by. A big black retriever is jumping about in the puddle, and amusing the people in the few carriages drawn up by the posts opposite the stand. There is no crowd. The stands are tolerably well tenanted, and there is a sprinkling of people along the rails, but no hustling and pushing, and the gendarmes in their cocked hats march about with nothing to do except look fierce and military. The "Tribune du Jury"—*anglaise* the judge's box—is a small white and red striped structure, and four gentlemen ascend to the top of it. A cracked bell—M. le Maire will have to see to it before next year—rings out as well as it can. Although as regards power of lung the French bookmakers are to their English brethren as water is to British brandy, sounds come from the ring. "Qui veut un cheval?" "Qui veut Baretta?" "Deux contre Baretta!" "Qui veut Figurine?" "Gagnant ou placé!" "Cinq contre Figurine!" is heard in different voices, an occasional appeal to "Messieurs" to come and take the odds, giving a specially French flavour to the discourse. Fancy an English bookmaker saying, "Five to four against Isonomy, gentlemen," "Gentlemen, who will back Mar?" Middle-class French people can be polite when they want anything, at least the men can. I do not think any consideration could make a middle-class Frenchwoman behave decently unless she had something to gain by it. The upper and the lower classes in France are courteous and what we call well-bred; the middle-class hardly ever.

Meantime the word has been given to a company of red-legged soldiers, who form and march in opposite directions, to clear the course—a very simple duty, for the necessity has already been intimated to the public by a device of M. le Maire, or of some former *maire*, whose example M. le Vert copies. A tricolour flag has been run up the mast near the Tribune du Jury, and good citizens, who know what is expected of them, have read that when this sign is given *la piste doit être évacuée*. Here come the horses into the hippodrome, a second peal of the cracked bell announcing the event. They canter and go down to the starting-place a little beyond the stand, the red flag falls, Figurine jumps off with the lead, retains it the first time round, is never headed, and comes in an easy winner. No. 7 goes up after an interval. The flag descends the post, and this we know indiquer que le public pourra circuler librement jusqu'à l'annonce d'une nouvelle course. Outarde wins the Prix du Cercle du Casino, where some of us go and play *écarté* when the *petits chevaux* and the *regates* seem slow, and then comes the great event of the day, the Grand Criterium International for two-year-olds. They do not hurry themselves to put up the numbers, these French officials, and there is plenty of time to look about, to note the sheaves in the cornfields away beyond the farther side of the course, the toilettes of the ladies who are now some of them sitting about the lawn gorgeously arrayed in colours—red predominating. Here too are the horses, 41 coloured on the card, including an English detachment.—Lord Rosebery's Prud'homme and Queenfisher, Lord Dupplin's Royal Letter, Mr. Beddington's "Scot-Guard," and the Duke of St. Albans' Petal. The Comte de Lagrange has four in, and Jennings one, so here is a pretty puzzle to solve. Jockeys with unfamiliar colours beneath their overcoats begin to appear, and among quaint sights is a priest with long black gown and clerical hat, and—a pair of race glasses hung across his shoulders. There is a sort of courage about the act that looks well. "If you only wear trousers to cover your inclinations, sir, you might as well ride comfortably in boots and breeches," a Church dignitary with a sympathy for sport once told his curate who, without actually making a practice of hunting, generally knew where the hounds were, and rode in that direction. This French priest finds no harm in going to the races and wants to see them well when he is there, though the combination is doubtless strange. There are the numbers—18 starters, and of the English division only one, the Duke of St. Albans' Pouliche. That "difficult" sportsman, the Comte de Lagrange, starts three out of the four he has entered, but does not provide the first favourite, the English animal being elevated to that position, though most of the papers go for Masette II. Petitsinge has had a tip, and is in mysterious conversation with an energetic compatriot about "l'handicap," as he calls all races without distinction as to the method by which the weights are adjusted; and one of the French sporting papers—there are many, *Le Sport*, *Le Sportsman*, *Le Jockey*, *Le Derby*, and others—has a long account of the importance of this Grand Criterium, and can only liken it to the famous Epsom race which christens one of the journals just mentioned; which, seeing that it is for two-year-olds is not a very good shot. Nothing could be more amusing to a racing man than to hear the remarkable "explanations" which some of the gallant Frenchmen on the stand give the ladies who are with them as to the why and wherefore of the business which precedes a race, the weighing, &c., and I am sure that twenty-nine Frenchmen out of thirty who go to races, know more about Chaldean manuscripts than about the elementary principles of handicapping. Petitsinge, however, as I learn later on when preparations for a *Course de Haies à Réclamer*—a Selling Hurdle Race—are in progress, actually, as views, which, briefly expressed, are to the effect that the present system of weighting horses is absurd, because they carry light weights to go a thousand metres, little more than half-a-mile, and heavy weights to go three or four miles in a steeplechase, where there are *des obstacles*.

One good thing about the Dieppe race-course—that is to say, the hippodrome of Rouxmesnil-Bouteilles—is that the inequalities in the ground afford capital views from various parts, and as some of us stroll down to the post to take stock of the two-year-olds, we see what is to most of us a novel sight. *Qui veut un cheval?* *Qui veut Musette II?* *Qui veut Pétal?* *Sept contre Louis d'Or!* *Cinq contre Pétal!* *Qui veut un cheval?* *Gagnant ou placé!* These are offered made in a shrill voice, and coming nearer we see that the "bookmaker" is a respectably dressed old lady, with black bonnet and gown, spectacles, and a professional satchel by her side. There she is, this remarkable old dame, laying the odds all round in the most business-like manner, and a little beyond is a younger woman, who may be her daughter, engaged in the same occupation. To me this is certainly a novel experience, and I lay out a napoleon on the English filly with a very unusual feeling of half hoping I may not win the old lady's money—as happens in the end, for Rossiter on Pétal, comes in the middle of the ruck, and one of the Comte de Legrange's, Tafna, lands the odds of 10 and 12 to 1, Baron Rothschild's Louis d'Or is second, and Musette II. gains the other place. Tafna won in good style, but I am not inclined to think that there was anything at all out of the common in the seventeen behind.

After this the rain came down as if it had not rained before this year, and gay toilettes suffered, for the canvas roofs of the stands, fine weather structures, were altogether insufficient to keep out the storm. M. Delamarre's Reine Claude, the favourite, galloped or swam in first for the next race, a handicap, and as

the odd-looking little hurdles, made of a sort of broom apparently, were being put up the exodus began. Of the second day's racing I cannot speak from experience, never having been able to overcome a prejudice against racing on Sunday, but I hear that the course, which lies low, was a regular quagmire in parts, and that an animal on which such of the English division as were there had wildly plunged, slipped up, and fell as he was winning in good style; also that the Baron Rd. Seilliére's Jacinthe, though she seemed over-weighted in the heavy going, won the steeplechase with considerable ease from her three opponents, while the Capitaine E. Burke's rat-tailed and ugly-looking Bold Brennan was a tolerable last, thereby diverting sundry napoleons into the pockets of the bookmakers, and I hope, of the plucky old woman who laid the odds. I saw Petitsinge coming back in a clattering *calèche* with two big white horses, and from the little man's appearance I judged that he had been making an ass of himself. Perhaps the splendours of the fireworks revived him somewhat, for a very gorgeous display was given in the evening, and was applauded, the local *Gazette* relates, by *tout ce que le high life qui se trouve à Dieppe a de plus distingué et de plus élégant*. R.

## ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &amp;c.

RAIN has again since my last been the cricketers' bugbear, and several matches have suffered in consequence, notably Gloucestershire v. Lancashire, Yorkshire v. Surrey, and Kent v. Lancashire. On this occasion I must, in commenting upon them, place the last first, and commence by stating that owing to the weather the Lancashire v. Kent match on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday last at Canterbury resulted in a draw.

Kent paid a journey to Nottingham on Monday and Tuesday last to play their return match against the county, and were beaten by an innings and 44 runs.

Not a best on record, but a first, was obtained by Nottingham on the concluding days of last week, as they beat Gloucestershire on their own ground, a feat unparalleled in the annals of county cricket.

Gentlemen of Sussex, if they don't mind, will have the doubtful honour of being at the bottom of the poll this season, as they again suffered a most disastrous defeat when opposed to the Uppingham Rovers at Brighton, on Monday and Tuesday, the visitors winning by an innings and 130 runs, although their total, 197, was only owing to the good batting of A. F. Lucas, 89, and F. E. Street 51. Out of the twenty-two attempts of the Sussex team no fewer than eight were out for cyphers, and the full scores were—first innings, 29; second, 38.

Arthur Barrett's handicap sculling race will be concluded on Saturday, August 30, when Lloyd (20sec), Atkinson (25), Mooney (40), and Douglas (45) will compete for the prizes.

"Hope deferred," &c., is not always sustained as a true saw, as, although the Bow Churchyard Sports executive have hoped for five years without success that they may obtain fine weather, they did not look at all sad on Saturday last, when rain again appeared as a portion of the programme at their ninth annual meeting, which, as usual, was held at Ladywell. A huge programme had been set for decision, and it was a great pity that the wet made the course such bad going. I was especially pleased to note that the handicapper, Mr. G. W. Atkinson, had reduced his limit in the open spring handicap with something like fairness to the top weight, and even more delighted when those clever ones, ever prone to find fault and know everything, came to grief in their selection of certainties. G. T. Dunning, Finsbury Rifles, 100yds start (no relation to the sprinter of that name), won the open mile in 4min 44 4-5secs, S. W. Suffell, Clapton Beagles, 85 yards, being second; B. Shepherd, St. Peter's B. C. 130 yards, third—and I may mention that although a large number started, several were only "out for an airing," as racing men call it. F. Barry, Clapham Rovers, with 4½ yards, won the sprint, but he had a deal the best of the pistol; C. R. Russell, of the South Norwood S. C., 9 yards, being second, and C. B. Wood, Zephyr S. C., 7 yards, third; time 12 2-5 secs. The Open Bicycle Handicap was a farce, suffice it to state R. A. Woolnough, of the Rovers, won easily off the ten yards mark. In the club events, F. Fabian, A. Reith, A. Creighton, C. W. Banks, J. Mattinson, and Badger were the winners.

Surrey v. Yorkshire, the last county match of the metropolitan season, which was to have taken place on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, could not be concluded, no play taking place on the two last days. Each team had played one innings, Surrey obtaining 59 and Yorks 92. To-day (Wednesday) also the Lancashire v. Gloucestershire match was also abandoned as drawn for a similar reason. Lancashire had made but 53 for one innings, whilst Gloucestershire had compiled 131 for the loss of six wickets, W. Grace 75 and W. Fairbanks 14 being at the time play was stopped well set.

Herefordshire and Shropshire played a drawn match on the former's ground last Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.

Woolwich Garrison Annual Sports have been postponed owing to the heavy rain, and will take place on Monday next and three following days, "weather permitting."

A long-distance bicycle tournament takes place throughout the whole of next week at the Agricultural Hall. Waller, Terront, Stanton, Cann, Young Edlin, and several other notables will take part in it.

On Thursday "Dick" Daft and his merry men, W. Barnes, W. Bates, T. Emmett, E. Lockwood, F. Morley, W. Oscroft, E. Pinder, J. Selby, A. Shaw, A. Shrewsbury, and G. Ulyett set sail on their tour throughout Canada and America. With such a team our Transatlantic friends should see something like cricket.

Cortis, from scratch, was unable to catch W. Butcher, of the Temple, 470 yards, and G. A. Mitcheson, London V.A.C., 360 yards, in the Five Miles Bicycle Handicap at Leicester, last Tuesday. Time, 15min 19 4-5sec.

At the Stanley Bicycle Club meeting at Stamford Bridge, on Saturday, H. Williams won the Novice Mile from scratch; G. L. Hillier the Five Miles from scratch; and J. R. Hamilton, Druids B.C., 15 yards, won the Open Mile by a foot from S. Wellbeloved, Surrey, 110 yards, who was a like distance in front of E. A. Runtz, Pickwick, 40 yards.

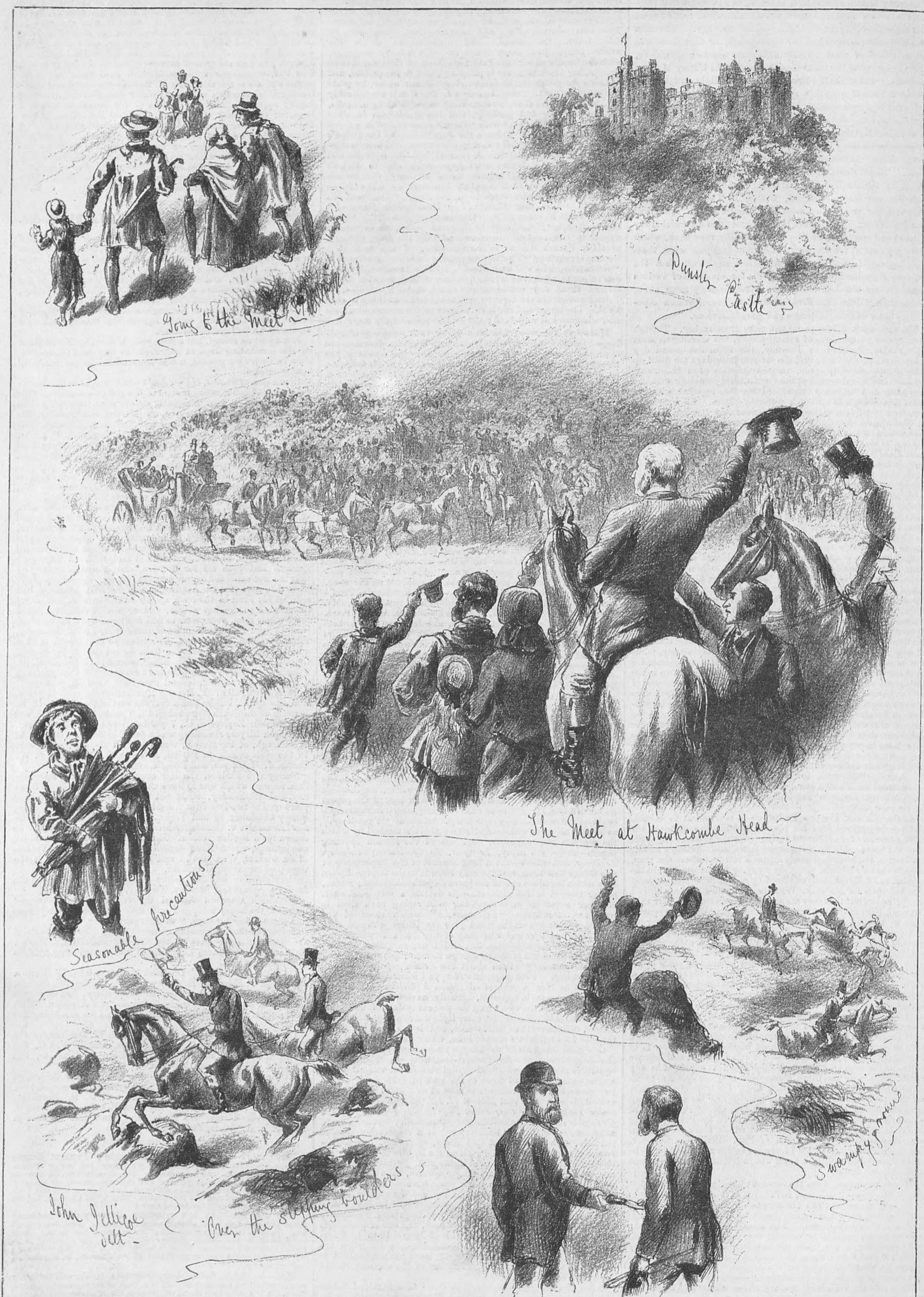
EXON.

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EAU FIGARO. The last scientific discovery for restoring faded and grey hair to its original colour. Cleansing, Harmless, Colourless. To prove that this is "bona-fide," if a sample of hair be sent before purchase of the preparation, stating original colour, the same will be returned completely restored. Prices 6s. and 6s. per bottle. Full particulars will be sent on application to the French Hygienic Society, 40, Haymarket, S.W.—[ADVR.]

Mrs. — of 105, Eaton-place, Belgravia, S.W., will certainly recommend all her friends to Mr. and Mrs. Hart of 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most liberal purchaser of left-off clothes, &c.—[ADVR.]

Opposite the Victoria District Railway Station is Mr. and Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, the old-established buyers of left-off clothes of all descriptions. P.O.O. remitted for parcels of the above, same day as received. Established 1810.—[ADVR.]



## HORSE-BREAKING IN AUSTRALIA.

AUSTRALIA is certainly one of the most horsey countries in the world. Nearly every one living in the bush, as all places out of the towns are called, owns one of good, bad, or indifferent quality. Good beasts, however, are rare, and command a good price; but the general run go very cheaply and often are worth less than the saddle on their backs. They are a small, weedy looking race as a rule, but are capable of doing an incredible amount of work on what would be considered very insufficient food here in England. The low prices can easily be imagined in a country where in places the wild horses are so numerous that some men gain their living by shooting them down for their skins and getting besides powder and shot gratis. There are also boiling-down establishments where whole mobs are melted down for their fat, &c. A capital chance at times occurs at these places of picking out a good, though lean, beast, which you are free to exchange for your fatter if more worthless one. As a natural consequence where horses are so common, their breaking in is a very rough and careless process. In fact one more calculated to develop the vice common to Australian stock of buck-jumping, it is impossible to imagine—the system would make a cat buck. Even on a pretty well-managed station they are never handled till they are fit to break in, say at four years old. Up to then they roam free, feeding over the plains, and are considered very well in hand if they can be got into a stockyard after an hour or so's gallop. But on an ill-managed place, it is quite a matter to run them in at all and if, as often happens, they have got among the wild ones, it may be an affair of days. As for the latter brutes, nothing but fairly running them down will manage them. If they happen to be fat this is trouble enough, but when lean it becomes a really awful job.

In their terror they will clamber over the most inaccessible country. I have seen a lot descend a mountain side so steep that, jostling against one another, three or four would go head over heels, landing headlong at the bottom with broken necks. More than once, too, it has happened that a projecting dead branch has caught during their mad career in the ribs of some poor beast, and torn the whole side away, when at every stride he would snatch his inside till his heart would almost literally be torn from him. To add to this, the stallion leader will often turn, and from pursued become pursuer.

Nor are these wild brutes any good when you have them; for, from constant galloping as mere foals, their legs are all battered to pieces. As may be imagined, if there is trouble breaking in a horse on a well-managed place, where they are accustomed a little to the sight of a yard and a man, it is still worse when

one of the wild savages has to be mounted. I have tried to give you a few illustrations of the progress of an attempt I made on one of them many years ago, while I was still very young to the ways of Antipodean men and horses. The cattle

of us, and brought us across a mob of horses in which my companion thought he recognised a bay horse as his property. Making up our minds to run them into a yard we found close to us, we started after them. They made some desperate attempts to get away, but an hour's galloping saw four captives hard and fast in durance vile. The bay turned out a stranger, but there was a grey amongst the lot that took our fancy greatly. He was a great, tall brute, but seemed full of both bone and quality, while of his speed we were assured in the specimen we had seen of it in the attempts at escape of which he had been leader all through. I rode up to the neighbouring station, determined to purchase him if it was possible. Here, on describing our prisoner, I could see considerable surprise was felt, as the only grey horse known about was a certain famous brute that had defied capture for years. It seemed, too, as we learnt afterwards, that when an attempt had been made to break him in as a youngster, he had shown himself such a fearful buck-jumper that he had been turned out again as incorrigible. He had figured also in another famous escapade, of which more hereafter. Knowing nothing of all this, I was surprised when the owner of Gridiron—for that was his name—after expressing with his friends astonishment at our lucky capture, offered to sell him to me for £3, adding, as a proviso, however, that we should ride him away. The bargain concluded, we set to work. In my companion, Tom Ogle, I had as good a man as could be got in the world, I might say, for the job. A tall, thin, young colonial, born and bred in the saddle, supple and fearless, the horse that could beat him had not, in my opinion, been foaled. In his own district he was a very well-known horsebreaker. Anyone, while he was yet a mere child, that would put a half-crown between Tom's seat and the saddle, with the promise that it should be his if not lost during the most violent throes of a plunging horse, would certainly lose that half-crown. So, amid the ill-concealed grins of our new friends, we set first about catching our steed. This, as the lasso is unknown in Australia, is done with a noosed rope at the end of a long pole. All this while Gridiron had stood staring wildly round him, snorting so as to be heard half a mile off. His struggles, when at length caught, were frightful, and in fact it was only when choked and senseless that we were able to saddle and bridle him. When he again got his feet and the bounds and throes he gave fairly astonished me; I had seen buck-jumping before, but nothing like that. He would start on a buck his head pointing due west, and when he reached the ground again it would be more like due east, while his kicks at the empty air echoed again, and then all the while he screamed—fairly screamed,



"SOUVENIR DE VENISE."—(From the Painting by Echtler.)

station on which I was engaged having lost a herd of bullocks, I was deputed to search for them, and had as assistant a young Colonial named Tom Ogle, stockman to the same place. Three days' unsuccessful search took us into a country strange to both

nothing like that. He would start on a buck his head pointing due west, and when he reached the ground again it would be more like due east, while his kicks at the empty air echoed again, and then all the while he screamed—fairly screamed,

He then rolled over and over, and seemed in a fair way of destroying my new saddle. This Tom perceiving, coolly, to my horror, put some hot cinders under him the next time he tried the trick, and cured him for a time of a vice with which he had beaten many a rider. How long he continued at this mad jumping I cannot say, but in the end, black with sweat, he stood quiet and trembling in the middle of the yard. There was quite a crowd of people collected now, for passers-by, hearing that some audacious stranger was tackling the famous Gridiron, had stopped to see the fun—but they did not grin so much now. Tom had stood so cool through it all, and the affair of the cinders showed him to be a man of so much resource, that I think they began to be impressed. The most difficult part of our job was now to commence, viz., the mounting of Tom, and meanwhile Gridiron, to show that he was by no means beat, made such an open-mouthed rush at the man that went to take his bridle, that we had to put the roping-pole into requisition again. However, in the end one of his forelegs was tied up to keep him steady till his rider fairly got his seat, and I held him firm with one ear and by the bit. It was a trying second when Tom leant his weight on the stirrup, took a sharp glance at Gridiron's evil eye, gave me a cool wink, and quietly slung himself into the saddle. I undid the strap (leg), and I fancy for a few seconds all held their breath as man and beast prepared to try their strength. For that space of time there was no movement, then I saw Gridiron's back arch, and the next instant with a shrill scream the horse, like an infuriated mad thing, was in the air. He ascended like a ball with all his feet together, and as he turned, descending with forelegs stretched out and neck and head between them, he gave the wickedest and strongest jerk with his back I ever saw, and so on, plunge after plunge, now in one direction now in another. I suppose few in this country have had any experience of this bucking vice, and there is nothing to which I can compare it to give you an idea of the sensation, but I should think it must be more like being on a precipice during an earthquake than anything else. You see nothing before you but your hands, for the horse's head is tucked away between his legs, and the shocks from the jerking of his back and the plunge each time on the ground with his feet go near breaking one's spine. I know that for myself I had always a violent headache after a very little bout of it from the shocks to my neck. Well, Gridiron bucked and bucked, and each of his wicked jerks was with a grunt that showed he put his whole soul into it, and through it all he kept his villainous eye on the immovable Tom. And I noticed that the plunges were of a description that I had heard of but never seen before. They were of the most dangerous kind. When in the air he would half turn on his side, as if he was coming down flat on his ribs, and as the rider instinctively leant over the other direction to avoid a possibility of being crushed, the horse would land on the ground leaning just the other way. But nothing of these manœuvres shifted Tom Ogle, he sat there just as if he was glued to the saddle. And the murmurs of the crowd showed the admiration they began to feel for Tom's equitation. "By heavens, well sat!" "Well ridden, by Jove!" "Stick to him old man!" "You'll beat him, yet stranger." In fact he seemed so cool, I began to get confidence myself, when all of a sudden I saw him turn his eye at his crupper—a glance there showed the danger. There was nothing wrong with the tackle, it was all of the strongest and best description, and not likely to give way—it was not that, but the crupper itself was slipping off! Whether the brute's tail was more flaccid than usual or what, but it was fairly turned round, and it was evident very little more would drag the crupper clean off it. Gridiron evidently felt something beginning to move on his back and redoubled his exertions. And so, bit by bit, the harness slipped, and at length off it came, and the saddle at once went on to his wither. "Throw yourself off!" "Chuck yourself down!" These were the cries on all sides, but Tom had set his teeth hard and meant to stop with the saddle, and so he did. For the next second the girths smashed and down came Tom, but with the saddle firmly clasped between his legs. And as he fell before he reached the ground, Gridiron let out at him several times, twice he struck the harness, but the third time his hoof landed on poor Tom's head. That was the last I ever saw of my purchase. I was told that he gave a wild stare round finding himself free, made a charge at the stockyard rails, scrambled over them somehow, and away he went free again as ever. I never went after him. I heard enough about him afterwards to decide me to leave him alone. It seems he was the worst buck-jumper ever known in that district. He was the horse that had been chosen as such on a certain occasion to which I have alluded before, and on which I will not now dilate further than to say that, as the story goes, two hot-blooded young horsebreakers had backed themselves to ride one against another for a wager on the most vicious brute that each could find the other, and Gridiron had figured as one of the two after a search for equine wickedness over half the colony.

J. J. A.

## TURFIANA.

NATURALLY enough, *Wheel of Fortune* has been the chief topic of conversation amongst racing men during the past week. There is no disguising the fact that, since Ascot, the filly's position in the market has scarcely been a satisfactory one. Her unprecedented victory—gained in such unimpeachable style—in the Prince of Wales's Stakes reduced the St. Leger to a mere question of her being fit and well on the day, and at once brought her to 7 to 4 for that event. Week after week she was backed for hundreds of pounds, but there always seemed to be an inexhaustible supply of money to lay against her, and no amount of support appeared able to move her from the stereotyped price. Then she declined her Goodwood engagements, and this at last gave her an upward impetus in the quotations, and, for a day or two, it was difficult to obtain 5 to 4 to any amount of money. Just, however, as everything looked thoroughly favourable, and her backers anticipated that odds would soon be laid upon her, came the report that she was on the walking list, on account of having hit her leg. This was on Saturday last, but pending the receipt of fuller information, she did not recede beyond 2 to 1, and even that price was not always obtainable. On Monday the news arrived that she would go to York to meet one or both of her engagements there, and her arrival ought to have completely crushed the opposition to her, instead of which it broke out more strongly than ever, and, before her race for the Yorkshire Oaks, as much as 100 to 30 was now and again laid against her. When she had passed the post, pulling double, just in her old form, she was at once brought back again to 6 to 4, and there she remains at the time of penning these lines. Yet on paper it is not 6 to 4 against, but 10 to 1 on, her for the Leger, and her whole surroundings are so peculiar that, were she in certain stables, we would not accept any price about her. Fortunately she is in the best of hands, and we have every confidence that, on the 10th of next month, Lord Falmouth will accomplish the unprecedented feat of winning his third St. Leger in succession.

Though most of the visitors remained to the close of the Stockton Meeting, the general attendance was by no means so large as on the preceding days, and not only was the weather

unfavourable, but the sport was poor. The betting was very close between Belfry and Arne in the Twenty-third Zetland Biennial, and Archer got home on the former, after one of the most bumping finishes we ever saw; indeed, had Arne gained the verdict there would probably have been a well-grounded objection. The result of the Stockton Stewards' Cup will probably ensure Melton (8st 12lb) a heavy weight in handicaps for some time to come, as none of his five opponents could make a race with him; in fact, only Twine the Plaiden (7st 13lb) and Muscatel (7st 2lb) passed the post. Jagellon (8st) once more cut up wretchedly in the Middlesbrough Handicap, and though old Mars (8st 3lb) was second, he showed little of his Lincoln form, for Carillon (7st) beat him as she liked by ten lengths. Owing to the enforced abandonment of the Oxford Meeting, in consequence of the flooded state of the course, the Friday was a complete blank as far as racing was concerned.

A very large company assembled at York on Tuesday, most of the aristocratic followers of the sport having evidently made up their minds to give the grouse two or three days' rest, and as a dull morning gave place to a cloudless blue sky and brilliant sun, and the list of horses arrived was a very strong one, there seemed every prospect of a grand day's sport. Naturally the course was holding in places, still it was not absolutely under water, and during this melancholy season we have learnt to be thankful for even that small mercy. The opposition to Mycenae in the Twenty-third Biennial was very weak indeed, and he not only won cleverly, but did not have a fit of the staggers after passing the post. People did not forget that Robbie Burns had given the winner 13lb and another 7lb beating at Stockton last week, and the hope of the North at once jumped to 16 to 1 for the Leger. His owner accepted 2,500 to 100 about him an hour or two earlier, so he was soon in the happy position of being able to stand "a thousand to nothing" on the sturdy son of Martyrdom. A capital field of sixteen ran for the Lonsdale Plate, in which Ellangowan (7st), who performed very badly at Stockton, managed to beat all the favourites, and scored a most popular victory for Lord Zetland, who entrusted her with some money at a very nice price. Kaleidoscope (9st 13lb) carried his heavy weight very prominently, but Cagliostro (9st), who was the absolute favourite at the fall of the flag, once more proved as great an impostor as his namesake. Little attention was paid to the next race, as everyone was anxious to get a good look at *Wheel of Fortune*, who had experienced very rough treatment in the ring during the morning. For the first time during her racing career she wore bandages on her fore legs; still, she walked as sound as possible, and had evidently done plenty of work; and when it was known that Lord Falmouth—who also started Leap Year—had declared to win with her, the "plungers" would not be stalled off, but laid 3 to 1 on the little mare like men. We imagine that Leap Year was intended to make the running, but she never was near the front, and though *Wheel of Fortune* lay last until half way along the woodside, Archer made up his ground without the least effort, and, heading Reconciliation in the last hundred yards, won, literally pulling up, by a length. Lord Falmouth has taken this stake four times in the last five years, Spinaway, Lady Golightly, and Janette, being the previous bearers of the magpie jacket, while Gertrude won in the same colours in 1870. The *début* of Glen Ronald, an own brother to the "Prince of the T.Y.C." was sufficient to give importance to the Convivial Stakes. The colt is "the last of the Mohicans," for Eastern Princess died within a few days of foaling him, and he was brought up by hand. Despite this untoward circumstance, he is already upwards of sixteen hands high; but we fear he will prove more of an Athol Lad than a Prince Charlie, and unhappily he is as musical as the rest of his family. After getting well away he appeared to be done with at the bend, when the race was apparently at the mercy of Experiment, but, struggling on with wonderful determination, he came again in the most remarkable style for a roarer, and won quite easily at last. Oddly enough, Athol Lad won his first race—the Ham Stakes at Goodwood, in 1877—in precisely similar style, and, in spite of numerous attempts, has only scored one victory since. The Duke of Westminster introduced us to Strathardle, a smart filly by Blair Athol out of *Masquerade*, in the Badminton Plate, and she enabled Archer to score his fourth win during the day.

Incessant rain during Tuesday night and the greater part of Wednesday reduced the course to a frightful condition; the water lay in sheets in places, and the jockeys passed the post so covered with mud that one had almost to see the numbers go up before feeling quite sure what had won. Yet, though such a state of things was very suggestive of numerous reversals of previous running, backers had a capital day from a pecuniary point of view. They did not, however, begin well, for Allegra easily upset the odds laid on Bishop Burton for the Lonsdale Cup, which was reduced to a match, and scored another victory for the "spots." The owner of Robbie Burns evidently holds with the good old northern maxim that a horse may as well "sweat for t' brass" as take unremunerative gallops at home, so he pulled him out for the Ebor St. Leger, in which he had only Coromandel II. to beat, as Ruperra was apparently reserved for the Great Yorkshire Stakes on the following day. Of course, he accomplished this task easily enough, and we leave it to those who believe in the time test to explain the fact that he covered the mile and a half in 5½secs less time than Sir Bevys was occupied in winning the Derby. The distance of the two courses is exactly the same, Robbie Burns had all the worst of it as regarded the state of the ground, and we should say that the dead flat of York is quite as severe as the Epsom gradients. Moreover, the north-country outsider had to make all his own running, so there is a capital opportunity for those who swear by the time test to give a practical proof of their faith by promoting him from "1,000 to 70, t and o," which is his present price, to the position of first favourite. Five out of the nine starters for the Prince of Wales's Stakes had already earned winning brackets, and when it was found that Lord Falmouth intended to start Dolly Pentreath, instead of Ambassadress, it was clear that Bend Or had nothing to fear. Indeed, his victory was such a foregone conclusion that Archer was given up to ride him, and the very smart Brother to Ersilia was the only one who could make the semblance of a struggle with him. When he had passed the post, 700 to 100 was accepted about him for the Derby of 1880, and this is the first bet on that race of which we have heard. Bend Or has plenty of future engagements though unfortunately his name was omitted from the entries for the Middle Park Plate, the Two Thousand Guineas, and the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot. All sorts of rumours had gained credence during the morning with respect to the probable starters for the "Great" Ebor. It was said that Isonomy himself would be an absentee; and, indeed, there would have been every excuse for withdrawing him, for 9st 8lb, a crushing weight under the best of circumstances, becomes doubly so when there is swimming as well as galloping to be done. However, the crack did not shirk the task, but only four opponents could be found to face him, the field being the smallest on record. Within a day or two of the race, Mar (6st 11lb) went completely out of favour, and, at the finish, Twm-bar-lwm (6st 9lb) was decidedly second in demand. The race admits of little description, for Isonomy had everything hopelessly settled at the distance, and won exactly as he liked. He could not have been half fit when Parole beat him in the spring, and, were the

pair to meet again on the same conditions, we do not know what odds would be laid on the pride of Kingsclere. Mr. Gretton was again to the fore in the Filly Sapling Stakes, for Miss Sharpe, a "dark" young lady, just managed to upset Strathardle, the finish between Tom Cannon and Archer being fought out to the very last stride. Miss Sharpe is by Nuneham out of Rebecca, and the young Oxford horse seems likely to succeed better than his sire at the stud, where, save for a few brilliant exceptions—Student, Blenheim, Oxonian, and Sterling to wit—Oxford was not altogether a success. The ring had a genuine turn up in the last race of the day, where Napsbury, a half-brother to Agility and Apology, who was scarcely backed for a shilling, won very easily indeed.

Next week will be a very quiet one, and it is unnecessary to refer to the two or three races at the Richmond meeting, which are ripe for discussion at the time of writing.

SKYLARK.

## PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

YORK MEETING.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 26.

The SECOND YEAR of the TWENTY-THIRD NORTH OF ENGLAND BIENNIAL STAKES.—Mr. Vyner's Mycenae (F. Archer), 1; Lipscombe, 2; St. Woollos, 3. 4 ran.

The LONSDALE PLATE.—Lord Zetland's Ellangowan (Saddington), 1; St. Hilda, 2; Censer, 3. 16 ran.

The BRADGATE PARK STAKES.—Capt. Machell's Alfred the Good (F. Archer), 1; Ruperra, 2; Play Rough, 3. 6 ran.

The YORKSHIRE OAKS of 15 sovs each, 5 ft, with 100 added, for three-year-olds; fillies, 8st 10lb each; certain winners extra; the second to receive 50 sovs out of the stakes, and the third to save stake. One mile and a quarter. Forty-nine subs.

Lord Falmouth's *Wheel of Fortune*, by Adventurer—Queen Bertha, 9st 3lb (in 7lb ex) ..... F. Archer 1.

Mr. Bowes's Reconciliation, 9st 3lb (in 7lb ex) ..... G. Fordham 2.

Mr. James Snarry's Jessie Agnes, 8st 10lb ..... T. Chaloner 3.

Also ran: Leap Year, Coromandel II., Adventure.

Lord Falmouth declared to win with *Wheel of Fortune*.

Betting. —3 to 1 on *Wheel of Fortune*.

The RACE.—Adventure made play with a clear lead of Coromandel II., well up with whom laid Reconciliation and Leap Year, with *Wheel of Fortune* last. About a quarter of a mile from home *Wheel of Fortune*, who had been pulling over her opponents throughout, came through, and making the remainder of the running, won in common canter by a length; four lengths divided the second and third; Coromandel II. was fourth; and Adventure last.

The CONVIVIAL STAKES.—Mr. J. Dawson's Glen Ronald (C. Wood), 1; Experiment, 2; Fire King, 3. 6 ran.

The ZETLAND STAKES.—Mr. T. E. Walker's Edmonstone (Greaves), 1; Merry Heart, 2; Silence, 3. 10 ran.

The BADMINTON PLATE.—Duke of Westminster's Strathardle (F. Archer), 1; Ushant colt, 2; Alexandre de Georges, 3. 10 ran.

The OLD THREE-YR-OLD PRODUCE STAKES.—Mr. Bowes's Reconciliation (G. Fordham), w.o.

WEDNESDAY.

The LONDESBOUGH CUP.—Lord Zetland's Allegra (Saddington), 1; Bishop Burton, 2.

The EBOR ST. LEGER.—Mr. Pickersgill's Robbie Burns (Snowden), 1; Coromandel II., 2.

The ROUS STAKES.—Mr. W. H. Shaw's Lady Lennard (Morgan), 1; Zarina, 2; Play Rough, 3. 9 ran.

The PRINCE OF WALES'S STAKES.—Duke of Westminster's Bend Or (F. Archer), 1; Brothers to Ersilia, 2; Gil Blas, 3. 9 ran.

The GREAT EBOR HANDICAP STAKES of 500 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs each, 10 ft, and 5 only if declared, &c.; winners extra; second to receive 100 sovs out of the stakes, and the third to save stake. Two miles over the Old Course. Forty-two subs, 18 of whom declared.

Mr. F. Gretton's Isonomy, by Sterling—Isola Bella, 4 yrs, 9st 8lb (in 5lb ex) ..... T. Cannon 1.

Mr. J. H. Stephenson's Knight Templar, 5 yrs, 7st 5lb ..... Fagan 2.

Mr. T. Brown's Serina, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb (car 5st 8lb) ..... Greaves 3.

Also ran: Mar, Twm-bar-lwm.

Betting at Starting.—11 to 8 on Isonomy, 100 to 12 agst Twm-bar-lwm, 7 to 1 agst Mar, 100 to 12 agst Knight Templar, 100 to 12 agst Serina.

The RACE.—Knight Templar at once rushed to the front, and cutting out the work at a good pace, quickly held a clear lead of Mar, close up with whom came Isonomy, while Serina brought up the rear. When fairly in the line for home, Serina and Mar were beaten, Twm-bar-lwm being done with a quarter of a mile from home. Isonomy took second place, and the heavy weight heading Knight Templar outside the distance, won very easily by eight lengths; three lengths separated the second and third. Time, 3 min. 54 secs.

The FILLY SAPLING STAKES.—Mr. J. Gretton's Miss Sharpe (Cannon), 1; Strathardle, 2; Zulieka, 3. 3 ran.

The FALMOUTH PLATE.—Captain Machell's Alfred the Good (F. Archer), 1; Ruperra, 2; Will, 3. 9 ran.

The FIRST YEAR of the TWENTY-FOURTH NORTH OF ENGLAND BIENNIAL STAKES.—Mr. Vyner's Napsbury (Morgan), 1; Teviotdale, 2; Alexandre de Georges, 3. 4 ran.

THURSDAY.

The CONSOLIDATION SCRABBLE.—Mr. T. Green's Bishop Burton (F. Archer), 1; Nellie Macgregor, 2; Merry Thought, 3. 3 ran.

The GIMCRACK STAKES.—Lord Rosebery's Duke of Cumberland (F. Archer), 1; Teviotdale, 2; Sweetbriar colt, 3. 9 ran.

The YORK CUP.—Mr. C. Perkins's Roehampton (Snowden), 1; Touchet, 2; Jannette, 3. 4 ran.

The HAREWOOD PLATE.—Mr. T. E. Walker's Hermia (Greaves), 1; Flavius, 2; Woodlark, 3. 10 ran.

The SAVILE STAKES.—Mr. Cameron's Miss Bowstring (Morbey), 1; Merry Thought, 2; Half Caste, 3. 6 ran.

The GREAT YORKSHIRE STAKES.

Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's Ruperra, by Adventurer—Lady Morgan, 8st 10lb (in 4lb ex) ..... C. Wood 1.

Lord Falmouth's *Wheel of Fortune*, 8st 9lb (in 4lb ex) ..... F. Archer 2.

Mr. Bowes's Rycerski, 8st 10lb ..... G. Fordham 3.

Also ran: Maccaronea and Visconti, 3 to 1 on *Wheel of Fortune*, 7 to 1 agst Visconti, 100 to 7 agst Ruperra, 25 to 1 agst Rycerski.

The RACE.—At the bend Lord Falmouth's mare looked like winning in a canter, but the moment she was called on by Archer outside the distance she stopped to nothing, and Ruperra, coming on, won rather easily by a length; bad third. Visconti fourth, and Rycerski last.

HER MAJESTY'S PLATE.—Mr. Vyner's Mycenae (F. Archer), 1; Melton, 2; Muscatel, 3. 4 ran.

The COLT SAPLING STAKES.—Mr. Vyner's Napsbury (Morgan), 1; Prefect, 2; Heir Apparent, 3. 4 ran.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Mlle. JUDIC.

THOUGH *opéra bouffe* is as old as *opéra seria*, the distinction of having started a new school belongs to M. Offenbach. His departure, be it admitted, was not altogether an improvement. Some of his predecessors wrote better music than he has usually done, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say never wrote such bad music as some of the poverty-stricken, jumpy little collections of quavers that occasionally do duty with him for airs. But *opéra bouffe à la Offenbach* exactly hit the public taste, and we can all remember how S. A. La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein used to set people's heads nodding and feet beating time, as she held aloft the sabre of her sire, declaimed the Song of the Regiment, or told with a tinkling accompaniment the Legend of the Glass. A new school necessitated new exponents, and for a time Mlle. Schneider was supreme. It cannot be said that there was no delicacy or dramatic power about her, while we remember how she used to sing the "Dites-lui"—delicately indelicate—to the stalwart Fritz, and how she recited that letter which was to tell Piquillo how his Périchole had left him. Still, if Schneider were sometimes reticent and tender, she was frequently coarse and vulgar, and her successor, Mlle. Judic, whose portrait we give on our front page this

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## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

WHEN last I had the felicity of addressing you, my Sporting and Dramatic Brethren, I was securely housed in the "First Gim of the Say," that salubrious land of potatoes, patriots, and pretty women. I made a reckless endeavour to cross over and



Jones the Jehu

visit some of the theatres in the north of England, or perchance to have an opportunity of joining in a festive Eistedfodd in Wales. Both these good intentions have been frustrated. The gentle rain from heaven was the cause of it, and I have neither theatre nor Cambrian gathering to report. Notwithstanding all this, I have been in Wales—very much in Wales in fact. The lines of the North-Western Railway being seriously disturbed by the floods of the summer showers which the land has enjoyed, it was necessary for some time to traverse a considerable tract of the journey through Wales by the aid of

railway porters and amateur luggage carriers, who had been pressed into the services of luckless travellers. What a splendid language Welsh is for shouting purposes! Outside the little station were all kinds of traps waiting to convey the voyagers over as dry a portion of the country as might be found, and land them at Llanpwymll (or Clapdillwxyz was it?). The mails, I don't mean the male passengers, but the sacks of incongruous literature that form the penny post—the mails on the occasion in question—were consigned to a large, lumbering van, drawn by three horses, and barouche of a light, fragile character. The

ther in the holy bonds of matrimony. So with this upon my mind I boldly asked the shawls, "Is that your brother, madam, or perchance, in the words of the poet, 'a nearer and a dearer one still?'" She softly murmured, "It is!" I could not bear thus to sever their young lives, so I volunteered to vacate my seat and call the wandering shepherd to his folded lamb. I think if it wasn't very wrong and wicked, the shawls could have kissed me for this action; but I suppose she kissed the other fellow instead, so it doesn't matter. I now got a seat next Jones the Jehu, and though I could not understand all he had to say—which was a good deal—we enjoyed ourselves very much. The caravan started with the mail bags in front, the cart containing them being decorated with a number of lamps. I don't know where it was we stopped for baiting, but for my part I had a very pleasant quarter of an hour with some Welsh mutton and Welsh ale. Jones came to me and explained that he was going to put the horse into the trap again. I pointed out to him that hurry was unnecessary, as the mail was not yet ready, on which the ingenious Jones told me that he intended "putting him in gratchually." Off we went again up the sides of mountains and down the other sides. To a traveller in a hurry on some urgent business or a company of strolling players, it must have been agony, all this shiftless knocking about amongst the Welsh hills; but to myself, and I dare say the shawls with the pretty features, and the pale curate, and the yelling drivers, it was rare sport. The railway people did all they could for the comfort and convenience of



New method of avoiding Snowdon

passengers were huddled into the various forms of carriage which were to form the caravan over the hills and far away. There was a travelling company vainly endeavouring to get to some town within a certain limited time. They had come away from Ireland by the limited mail for the purpose, and very limited, indeed, they must have found. What a lively time they must have had with their wardrobes and properties! I had but a small knockabout bag with me, and it is knocking about still I suppose, for I have never seen it since. Just fancy what it must have been in the case of a tragedian, carrying with him the outfit of several kings and other weighty persons dear to the dramatic art! I got a seat in one of the foremost of the cars, and was comfortably squeezed in next a mass of shawls with a very pretty hand and a pair of not at all bad eyes. This was all very



A tragedian in trouble

Welsh vehicles, drawn by Welsh ponies, and driven by Welsh Jehus. I am not quite sure whether it was at Llanpwymddy-pegssillwmpeuwilldulls or at Claudauwympenwollen that we were turned out of the train, an hour or so before midnight, on to a chill, damp platform, crowded with yelling

nice and pleasant, but I noticed that the shawls looked very wistfully at a pale young curate who was wandering about hopelessly at the other end of the caravan. It suddenly dawned upon me that these were kindred spirits—two hearts that beat as one, and all that sort of thing—perhaps, indeed, joined toge-



The Royal Irish Mail passing through Wales (A.D. 1879)

their passengers, and I hope they will soon get over their difficulties with broken bridges and submerged rails. Perhaps if the rain continues a few years longer it will be possible to visit Wales and view all its beauties by boat. A commercial-looking gentleman in the train told me they were making arrangements to go up Snowdon in a boat, but I suppose this is somewhat exaggerated. I have, however, made a sketch of it just to try and realise the thing.

ACCORDING to a Dublin paper, a most extraordinary piece of horsemanship has taken place at Galway on a wager between two gentlemen, members of the Galway Hunt Club. Mr. Bodkin bet £50 that within one hour from starting his horse Droleen would jump an obstacle at which Mr. O'Neil Power's horse Runction would fail. The challenge was taken up, and the former horse, being ridden by the first whip, and the latter by Mr. F. Joyce, a most daring competition began. The first jump was over a railway embankment, with a descent of 15 feet. Then they went over the opposite bank. Next the rider of Droleen proposed to leap a boundary wall 4½ feet high, with a perpendicular descent of 95 feet, or thereabouts, at the other side, but Mr. Persse, Master of the Hunt, who had been appointed judge of the match, protested against this, and less terrible jumps were resorted to. Finally Runction won, and nobody was killed.

## Continuation of (Messrs. Tattersall's) Horse Auctions.

2. BAY COLT by Albert Victor out of Peg Fife (the dam of Molly Cobroy, &c.) by Snowden Dunhill, dam by Pompey or Pontifex out of Christina by Don John out of Princess (winner of the Oaks) by Slave.

3. CHESTNUT COLT by Cathedral, dam by Martyrdom, grandam by Saccharometer out of Duty Free by Lampton out of Coast Guard's dam.

The property of Mr. Dixon.

OLLERTON, a bay yearling colt by Cremorne out of Tau (the dam of Victorian and Montauban), by Cathedral—Lambda (the dam of Xi, Nu, and Omega) by Umbriel, &c.

With their engagements, the WARESLEY STUD YEARLINGS.

1. BAY FILLY by Lord Lyon out of Weather-beaten by Y. Melbourne, her dam Enfield's dam by Weather bit, grandam by Birdcatcher; dam untried (foaled March 22nd).

2. BAY FILLY by Brown Bread out of Spruce by Honiton (by Stockwell out of Queen Bertha's dam) out of Evergreen Pine, own sister to Bay Celia (dam of The Duke and The Earl) by Orlando—Hersy by Glauca; dam untried (foaled April 9th).

3. BAY COLT by Doncaster out of Euxine (dam of Maid of Wye, her first foal) by King Tom—Varina by The Flying Dutchman (foaled March 3rd).

4. BAY COLT by Cathedral out of Miss Haw-thorn (dam of Ecarter, Captivator, Tam o'Shanter, Tam Glen, &c.) by King Tom, dam by Jerry—Jenny Jumps by Rococo—Jeanette by Shakespeare (foaled January 19th).

5. CHESTNUT COLT by Cathedral out of Compton Lass (dam of Northfleet) by St. Albans—Mar-desia by Bay Middleton—Amazon by Touch-stone—Grace Darling (The Hero's dam) by Defence; foaled March 12th.

6. BAY COLT by Cathedral out of School Girl by Y. Melbourne—Slumber by Saunterer—Typee by Touchstone—Boarding School Miss by Plenipo, dam untried; (foaled April 16th).

7. CHESTNUT FILLY by Cathedral out of Essence by St. Albans—Ess Bouquet (Chypree's dam) by Orlando—Bouquet by Bay Middleton—Violet by Melbourne, dam untried (foaled March 31st).

## THURSDAY.

The property of Mr. Alexander Young and Mr. Thomas Crags.

1. BAY YEARLING COLT by Strathconan out of Cowslip (dam of Sweet Violet, &c.)—foaled March 6th; no engagements.

2. GREY YEARLING COLT by Strathconan out of Sweet Violet by Voltigeur (first foal, foaled March 8); no engagements.

3. BAY YEARLING COLT by Strathconan out of Energetic (dam of Mr. Dodd and Emmanuela) by Lord Lyon out of Perseverance (dam of Akbar and Per Se) by Voltigeur (foaled April 10); this colt is engaged in the Epsom Derby, 1881, and is to be sold with this engagement.

4. BAY YEARLING COLT by Strathconan out of Bonnie Roe (dam of South Bank, Garter King, and Oldbuck) by Thormanby (foaled January 25); no engagements.

To be seen at Mr. Somerset's Paddocks (far side).

The following YEARLINGS with their engagements, the property of Mr. J. Milner.

CHESNUT FILLY by Vanderdecken out of Lambda (the dam of Nu, Chi, Omega, &c.)—foaled April 23.

BROWN FILLY by Vanderdecken out of Omicron (dam of Pi, Helios &c.)—foaled March 26.

CHESNUT FILLY by Vanderdecken out of Pi (pro-duced untried)—foaled April 20.

With engagements, the property of Mr. H. W. White.

SURF a Bay Yearling Filly, by Lifeboat dam by Joskin, out of Queen Elizabeth (sister to Plebean)—first-foal.

The following YEARLINGS and BROOD MARES, the property of Mr. E. Somerset.

BAY COLT by the Rake out of Priestess, by Cathedral; no engagements.

CHESNUT FILLY by Strathconan out of Religieuse, by Wingrave her dam Novice by Stockwell; no engagements.

PRIESTESS, a bay mare by Cathedral with filly-foal by Macgregor and covered by Thuringian Prince.

CATALONIA, a bay mare by Lord Clifden out of Tarragona by Orlando; with a filly-foal by Macgregor, and covered by Standard (own brother to Sterling).

RELIGIEUSE, a bay mare by Wingrave her dam Novice by Stockwell; covered by Thuringian Prince.

The property of Captain F. Thompson.

BROWN YEARLING FILLY by Speculum out of Auchnafree (dam of Lady Mary, Lorgnette, Highland Mary, and Robbie Burns).

The property of Mr. Henry A. Harrison.

BAY YEARLING COLT by Newland out of Stella by High Treason (Glenara's dam) her dam Gilt-nook by Lampton (Newland by Lampton out of Orest's dam); engaged in the Foal Stakes at Thirsk and Great Yorkshire Stakes at York.

BAY TWO-YEAR-OLD FILLY by Pero Gomez out of Timara by Newminster (dam of Robin and Leven) her dam by Timandra by Voltigeur; no engagements and warranted unbroke.

The GIBSIDE PARK STUD YEARLINGS, with their engagements.

BAY FILLY by Exminster out of Dissipation, by Fazzoletto.

BAY FILLY by Exminster out of Fair Alice (Ravelston's dam) by Bel Demono her dam Flora by Knight of Kars out of Florence by Velocipede.

CHESNUT COLT by Leolinus out of Queen Bee by Kettledrum her dam Honey Bee by King of Trumps out of Sister to Newminster.

BAY FILLY by Exminster out of Queen of the May by King of Trumps her dam Lady Hawthorn by Windhounds out of Alice Hawthorn by Muley Moloch.

The following THOROUGHBRED YEARLING, the property of Mr. Crowther Harrison.

LOWLAND CHIEF, a chestnut colt by Lowlander out of Bathilde (winner of the Cambridgeshire) by Stockwell (dam of Matilda, Cream Cheese, and Zanoni, all winners; and Tomahawk, winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap, and ran third in the Grand Prize of Paris) engaged in the Great Foal Stakes at Newmarket, with 1000 sovs added, the British Dominion Two-Year Old Stakes at Sandown Park, with 600 sovs added, the Great National Breeders' Foal Stakes at Redcar, with 1000 sovs added, the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes at Derby of 700 sovs, the Great Yorkshire Foal Stakes at Thirsk, with 500 sovs added (these five stakes have 3 sovs forfeit each only if declared), the Epsom Derby, Epsom Grand Prize, Doncaster St. Leger, and Grand Prize of Paris.

The property of Mr. A. Bartram, of Little Weston.

1. CHESTNUT YEARLING COLT own brother to Anonyma by Ploughboy, dam by St. Albans (1871) from No Name (late Skiff) by Teddington, her dam Queen of Beauty by Melbourne out of Birthday by Pantaloan. For Anonyma's performances see Racing Calendar, having won at Lincoln, Northampton, Epsom, and Newmarket (beating a field of fourteen others).

BROWN YEARLING FILLY by Vanderdecken, dam by Beadabane—Lady Ravensworth by Voltigeur—Lady Hawthorn by Windbound—Alice Hawthorn by Muley Moloch, &c.

The property of a Gentleman.

BANBURY BUN, a bay colt by Macaroni out of Little Agnes (the dam of Wild Agnes and Tib-thorpe).

SIR MARMADUKE, a chestnut colt by Macaroni out of Belle Agnes by King Tom out of Little Agnes.

AGNES ETHEL, a brown filly by Galopin out of Agnes Sorel by King Tom out of Miss Agnes.

The nominations for these Yearlings arrived a day late for Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger.

The following YEARLINGS, with their engagements, the property of Mr. James Snarry.

1. CHESTNUT COLT by Speculum out of Lily Agnes by Macaroni (her dam Polly Agnes) by The Cure.

2. BAY FILLY by Macaroni out of Polly Agnes by The Cure, her dam Miss Agnes by Birdcatcher.

The following YEARLINGS, with their engagements, the property of Mr. Robert Chilton, Billingham Grange, Stockton-on-Tees.

1. BAY COLT by Monstey out of Rosamond (dam of Ironstone, &c.) by Voltigeur, her dam Lucy Dashwood by Sheet Anchor out of Patty by Whisker; engaged in the Foal Stakes at Redcar, 1880.

2. BROWN COLT by Macgregor out of Sadie (dam of Capitola, Jenny Mills, Jerry Hawthorn &c.) by Voltigeur, her dam Julia, by Launcelot out of Miss Nancy by Cain.

On view at Mr. Somerset's paddocks.

Mr. Cholmley's YEARLINGS, with engagements.

1. BROWN FILLY by Knight of the Garter, out of Loripes (dam of Lowther, Lozenge, &c.) by Codrington, her dam Nutmeg by Nutwith out of Macremma (sister to Green Mantle) by Sutton.

2. BAY FILLY by Knight of the Garter out of Venus (dam of Vivien, Langar, &c.) by Orpheus brother to Marsyas), her dam Donzell (dam of Adonis) by Record out of Donna (dam of The Don, Hexgrave, &c.) by Knight of Hand out of Doncaster (dam of Alfred Tennyson) by Langar out of sister to Hexgrave (h.-b.) by Fihlo-daputa.

3. CHESTNUT COLT by Lowlander out of Kate (untried mare) by Hubert (by Stockwell out of Sister to Newminster) her dam Venus (h.-b.) by Orpheus. See last lot.

4. BROWN COLT by Speculum out of Carnation (untried mare) by Angelus (son of Orpheus) her dam Carry by King Caradoc out of Barbara Bell by Hampton; no engagements.

5. CHESTNUT COLT by Lowlander out of Eurydice (dam of Sateguard, &c. by Orpheus (brother to Marsyas) her dam Susanna by Sateguard (son of Defence) out of Sarah Rebecca (own sister to Cinizelli) by Touchstone: no engagements.

6. BLACK COLT by Lowlander out of Polka (untried mare) by Hubert (by Stockwell out of Sister to Newminster) her dam, Polly Plush by Orlando out of Plush (dam of the Beadle, &c.) by Plenipotentiary.

The MOORLANDS STUD YEARLINGS, with engagements, and without reserve.

1. BROWN FILLY by Speculum out of Produce (the dam of Lunette) by Thormanby.

2. BAY COLT (brother to Advance) by Speculum out of Progress by Thormanby.

3. BAY FILLY by Speculum out of Jung Frau (dam of Wizard, Teuton, and Schiller) by The Flying Dutchman.

4. BAY FILLY (sister to Memoria and Telescope) by Speculum out of Remembrance.

5. BROWN FILLY (sister to Cornucopia) by Speculum out of Cornu by Trumpeter.

6. BROWN COLT by Speculum out of Leah by St. Albans—Jerusalem by Jericho—Selina by Orlando.

Also, with engagements.

BAY FILLY by Knight of the Garter out of Blair Brae (dam of Glenstane) by Blair Athol.

Also, to defray expenses (unless paid before Sept. 11). BLACK FILLY by Vanderdecken, dam by Teddington out of Tidy by Faugh-a-Ballagh; no engagements.

The following YEARLINGS, with the property of Mr. John Trotter.

1. BAY COLT (own brother in blood to K.G.) by Knight of the Garter, out of Mal-a-propos, by De Clare out of Kitten by Foxberry (by Voltaire) out of Valeria, by Carew out of La Valiere by Cain.

2. CHESTNUT COLT by King Lud out of Schechallion (Palmbeamer's dam), by Blair Athol out of Lady Tatton by Sir Tatton Sykes out of Fair Rosamond by Inheritor out of Maid of Avenel by Waverley.

3. CHESTNUT FILLY by Andred out of Mineralogy by The Miner out of Kitten (see above).

Mr. Cookson's YEARLINGS, with their engagements.

1. CHESNUT FILLY by Pell Mell out of Lassie, by Blair Athol her dam Cetus by Newminster out of Anemona by Birdcatcher out of Pocahontas (a first foal).

2. BAY FILLY, by Athelstone out of Athenais by Blair Athol her dam Thais by Chanticleer out of Phryne by Touchstone.

3. CHESTNUT COLT by Leolinus out of Gratinus by Macaroni her dam Klarinska (dam of Polonaise, Skotzka, and Ryferski).

4. BAY FILLY by Kaiser out of Jenny Diver (dam of Palm, Flower, Oasis, and the Jenny Diver filly) by Buccaneer.

5. BROWN FILLY by Speculum out of Bicycle (dam of Solitaire and Spinster) by Blair Athol grandam Terrific by Touchstone.

6. CHESTNUT COLT by Hermit out of Lady Audley (dam of Pilgrimage) by Macaroni out of Secret by Melbourne.

7. BAY COLT by King of the Forest out of Metheglin her dam Hybla (dam of Mincemeat (winner of the Oaks) and of Kettledrum (winner of the Derby).

8. BROWN COLT by Speculum out of Strategy by Adventurer out of Minerva by Stockwell, Strategy is the dam of Second Sight (winner of the Anglesey's) of Madame Du Barry (winner of the Irish Derby) and of Richelieu and Catspaw (also winners in Newmarket).

9. BROWN COLT by Atherstone out of Peeress (dam of Pegeer) by The Earl out of Perea by Voltigeur out of Peri by Birdcatcher.

To be seen at Mr. Somerset's Boxes, near the Sale Yard.

BROOD MARES AND FOALS from the Wassand Stud, to be sold without reserve.

1. HONEYDROP (1868) by Colsterdale out of Wax by Surplice with Colt-foal by Lowlander, and covered by him again.

2. SUZANNE (1866) bred in France, by Tournement out of Susanna by Nunnykirk or Elthiron with Filly-foal by Lowlander, and covered by him again.

3. HORNSEA (1864) by Volturno out of Romula with Filly-foal by Lowlander, and covered by him again.

4. PAULINE (1865) by Cock Robin (son of Chanticleer) out of Polly Plush by Orlando—Plush by Plenipo with Filly-foal by Lowlander, and covered by him again.

5. CARNABY (1868) by Theobald or Hubert (sons of Stockwell) out of Wilna by De Clare—Lady Georgina by St. Lawrence, with a colt foal by Lowlander, and covered by him again.

6. INGRATITUDE (1874) by Typhoeus out of Benefactress by Lord Albemarle, with a filly foal by Vespaian, and covered by Lowlander.

7. COUNTESS (1869) by Theobald out of Romula, with a filly foal by The Baron, and covered by Lowlander.

8. DAUTHOREE (1872) by Theobald out of Joy by Knight of Kars, with a colt foal by The Baron, and covered by Lowlander.

The WASSAND YEARLINGS, to be sold without reserve.

1. CHESTNUT FILLY by Lowlander out of Pauline by Cock Robin (son of Chanticleer), her dam Polly Plush by Orlando, out of Plush by Plenipo.

2. CHESTNUT FILLY by Lowlander out of Carnaby by Theobald or Hubert (sons of Stockwell), her dam Wilma by De Clare.

3. BAY COLT by Lowlander out of Nightingale by Hubert, her dam Newtonia by Orpheus.

4. CHESTNUT FILLY by Lowlander out of Suzanne by Tournament her dam Susanna by Nunnykirk or Elthiron.

5. CHESTNUT FILLY by Lowlander out of Servia by Cathedral her dam by The Cossack out of Leila by Melbourne—Meafee by Touchstone.

6. CHESTNUT COLT by Lowlander out of Bracelet by Angelus her dam Brumette by Codrington.

7. CHESTNUT FILLY by Lowlander out of Melissa by Hubert her dam by King Caradoc out of Nutmeg by Nutwith.

8. CHESTNUT COLT by Lowlander out of Penance (sister to Oona) by The Baron her dam Pelerine by Orpheus out of Pelia by Pelion.

9. CHESTNUT COLT by Lowlander out of Europa by Rifeman her dam Lucy by Pyrrhus the First.

10. CHESTNUT COLT by Lowlander dam by The Baron out of Europa by Rifeman.

11. BAY FILLY by The Baron dam by Augur out of Polly Plush by Orlando out of Plush by Plenipo.

The following YEARLINGS, with their engagements, the property of Mr. James Snarry.

1. LOWLAND FLOWER, a chestnut filly by Lowlander out of True Blue by Oxford, out of Similax by Windhound.

2. LOWLAND QUEEN, a bay filly by Lowlander out of Honeycomb (dam of Majesty) by Kettle-drum out of Honeydew (own sister to Newminster) by Touchstone out of Beeswing by Dr. Syntax.

3. LORD OF THE VALE, a bay colt by Lowlander out of First Fruits by General Williams, her dam by Emily, great grandam by Sheik—Young Blacklock—Tramp—Hambletonian, &c.

4. LADY SPRIGHTLY, a brown filly (own sister to Little Duck) by Mandrake out of Lady Temple by Newminster out of Chamade by Rataplan, her dam Peggy Musjid's dam) by Muley Moloch out of Fanny by Jerry, &c.

The following YEARLINGS, with their engagements, the property of Mr. Richard Botterill:

1. LOWLAND FLOWER, a chestnut filly by Lowlander out of True Blue by Oxford, out of Similax by Windhound.

IN LIQUIDATION.—THE STUD COMPANY, (LIMITED).

ABSOLUTE AND UNRESERVED SALE, BY ORDER OF THE LIQUIDATORS.

MR. RY MILL WILL SELL BY AUCTION at the PADDocks, COBHAM, SURREY, on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, September 17th and 18th. Commencing at ONE o'clock, the whole of the following STALLIONS, BROOD MARES and FOALS:—

1. ALGEBRA by Diophantus out of Beatrice; covered by Soapstone.  
 2. ALVA by Blair Athol out of Touch-Not; covered by Blue Gown.  
 3. A CHESTNUT FILLY by George Frederick out of Alva.  
 4. ANGELICA by St. Albans out of Lady Ann by Touchstone; covered by Kaiser.  
 5. ATALANTA by Thormanby, out of Lady Chesterfield by Stockwell; covered by Blue Gown.  
 6. A BAY COLT by Cadet out of Atalanta.  
 7. ALBATROSS by Buccaneer out of Miss Conyngham; covered by Blair Athol.  
 8. A BAY COLT by Blair Athol out of Albatross.  
 9. ARMADA by Buccaneer out of Lady Chesterfield by Stockwell; covered by Mortemer.  
 10. A CHESNUT COLT by Mortemer out of Armada.  
 11. BLACK ROSE (dam of Bayminster, &c.) by Neasham out of Defenceless; covered by Blair Athol.  
 12. A BAY COLT by Blair Athol out of Black Rose.  
 13. BETTER HALF (dam of Beddington, &c.) by Marionette out of Tamara; covered by Blair Athol.  
 14. BRISBANE by West Australian out of Frenzy; covered by Blue Gown.  
 15. A BAY COLT by Vedette out of Brisbane.  
 16. BECKY SHARPE (sister to Buccaneer) by Wild Dayrell her dam by Little Red Rover; covered by George Frederick and Blair Athol.  
 17. A BAY FILLY by Blair Athol out of Becky Sharpe.  
 18. BIROUETTE by the Flying Dutchman out of Amulette; covered by Kaiser.  
 19. BELLA by Breadalbane out of Armada by Buccaneer; covered by Kaiser.  
 20. A BAY FILLY by Adventurer out of Bella.  
 21. BREAD SAUCE by Brown Bread out of Lure by St. Albans; covered by Soapstone.  
 22. BRISKET by Marsyas or Chattanooga out of Fricandieu; covered by Cadet.  
 23. BRITISH QUEEN (sister to Claremont) by Blair Athol out of Coimbra; maiden.  
 24. BYFLEET by Blair Athol out of Armada; covered by Plebeian.  
 25. CELERRIMA by Stockwell out of Slander; covered by Wild Oats.  
 26. CIRCE by Dundee out of Magic by Melbourne; covered by Kaiser.  
 27. COIMBRA (dam of Glenalmond, Claremont, &c.) by Kingston out of Calcavella; covered by Blair Athol.  
 28. CRINON by Newminster out of Margery Daw (dam of See-Saw, Ecossais, &c.); covered by Blair Athol.  
 29. CURACOA by The Cure out of Tasmania, by Melbourne; covered by Wild Oats.  
 30. A BAY COLT by Blue Gown out of Curacao.  
 31. CESTUS by Newminster out of Ayacanora; covered by Mortemer.  
 32. COULEUR DE ROSE by West Australian out of Maria by Harkaway; covered by George Frederick.  
 33. CATHERINE by Macaroni out of Selina; covered by George Frederick.  
 34. A BAY FILLY by Blue Gown out of Catherine.  
 35. CORCYRA by King Tom out of Cerintha by Newminster; covered by Blue Gown.  
 36. DENTELLE by Trumpeter out of Chiffonniere (sister to Buccaneer); covered by Kaiser.  
 37. DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE by Stockwell out of Countess of Burlington, by Touchstone; covered by See-Saw.  
 38. COLT by See-Saw out of Duchess of Devonshire.  
 39. EVA by Breadalbane out of Imperatrice by Orlando; covered by Wild Oats.  
 40. A BAY FILLY by Flageolet out of Eva.  
 41. FROLICOME by Weatherbit out of Frolic by Touchstone; covered by George Frederick.  
 42. FAIRYLAND by Orlando out of El Dorado by Harkaway; covered by Blue Gown.  
 43. FAIRY QUEEN by Orest out of Queen Mab; covered by Blue Gown.  
 44. A CHESNUT COLT by Blue Gown out of Fairy Queen.  
 45. FRICANDEAU by Caterer out of The Broom; covered by Wild Oats.  
 46. A BAY COLT by Carnival out of Fricandieu.  
 47. FREDERICA, by Kettledrum out of Frondeur; covered by Wild Oats.  
 48. GARRY, The, by Breadalbane out of Restless; covered by Wild Oats.  
 49. A BAY FILLY by Wild Oats out of The Garry.  
 50. GARTER QUEEN by Knight of the Garter out of Emma; covered by Cadet.  
 51. JOCOSA (dam of Sabella, &c.) by Fitz-Roland out of Madame Eglantine (dam of The Palmer, Rosiercian, &c.); covered by Wild Oats.  
 52. A CHESNUT COLT by Mortemer out of Jocosa.  
 53. JULIANA by Julius out of Contadina by Newminster; covered by Cremorne.  
 54. A BROWN FILLY by See-Saw out of Julianina.  
 55. INVICTA by Blair Athol out of Isilia by Newminster; covered by See-Saw.  
 56. KATE DAYRELL by Wild Dayrell out of Kate; covered by Craig Millar.  
 57. KENTISH ROSE by Blair Athol out of Rose of Kent; covered by George Frederick and Wild Oats.  
 58. A CHESNUT FILLY by George Frederick out of Kentish Rose.  
 59. KENIGIN DER NACHT by Buccaneer out of Mille, Cleopatre by Stockwell covered by George Frederick.  
 60. A CHESNUT COLT, by Blue Gown out of Kenigin der Nacht.  
 61. LOVELACE by Sweetmeat out of Phoebe by Touchstone; covered by Blair Athol.  
 62. A CHESNUT COLT by Blair Athol out of Lovelace.  
 63. LUCY BERTRAM by Newminster out of Annie Laurie; covered by Blue Gown.  
 64. A BAY COLT by Blue Gown out of Lucy Bertram.  
 65. LADYLIKE by Newminster out of Zuleika; covered by Kaiser.  
 66. LADY BOUNTIFUL by Rataplan out of Plenitiful; covered by Kaiser.  
 67. A CHESNUT FILLY by Carnival out of Lady Bountiful.  
 68. LADY SALISBURY by Lord of the Isles out of Selina; covered by George Frederick.  
 69. A CHESNUT COLT by See-Saw out of Lady Salisbury.  
 70. LADY FLY by Chanticleer out of Tamarind by Touchstone; covered by Kaiser.  
 71. A BAY COLT by Carnival out of Lady Fly.  
 72. LADY LENA by Adventurer out of Summer's Eve by Stockwell; covered by Kaiser.  
 73. LETTY WEST by West Australian out of Bay Letty; covered by George Frederick and Blair Athol.  
 74. LADY SOFFIE by Romulus out of Lady Harriet; covered by Blair Athol.  
 75. MERLETTIE by The Baron out of Cuckoo; covered by Kaiser.  
 76. MARGERY DAW (dam of See-Saw, Ecossais, &c.) by Brocket out of Protection; covered by Craig Millar.  
 77. MINNA TROL by Buccaneer out of Belladonna; covered by Blair Athol.  
 78. MOLLY CAREW by Wild Dayrell out of Alma; covered by Kaiser.

79. MATILDA by Orlando out of Tarella; covered by Wild Oats.  
 80. A BAY FILLY by Wild Oats out of Matilda.  
 81. MARCHIONESS MARIA by Colsterdale out of Princess Maud, by Touchstone; covered by George Frederick.  
 82. MYRUS by Stockwell out of Leila by Melbourne; covered by Wild Oats.  
 83. A BAY COLT by Plebeian out of Myrus.  
 84. MADAME EGLENTINE (dam of The Palmer, Rosiercian, &c.); by Cowl, out of Diversion; 85. MARTINIQUE by Macaroni out of Curacao; covered by Wild Oats.  
 86. A BAY COLT by Mortemer out of Martinique.  
 87. MASCHERINA by Macaroni or Carnival out of Lorelei; covered by George Frederick.  
 88. MRS. NAGGLETON by Prime Minister out of Lady Abbess by Surplice; covered by Kaiser.  
 89. MRS. CROFT by Prime Minister out of Mersey; covered by Blue Gown.  
 90. MASQUERADE by Lambourne out of Burlesque by Touchstone; covered by Blair Athol.  
 91. A CHESTNUT COLT by Scottish Chief out of Masquerade.  
 92. MISS IDA by Newminster out of Sauntering Sally; covered by Craig Millar.  
 93. A BAY COLT by Flageolet out of Miss Ida.  
 94. MENACE by Wild Dayrell out of Intimidation by Orlando; covered by Craig Millar.  
 95. MAID OF PERTH by Scottish Chief out of Lady Dot; covered by Blue Gown.  
 96. A BAY COLT by Blair Athol out of Maid of Perth.  
 97. MAY QUEEN by Trumpeter out of May Bell; covered by Blair Athol.  
 98. A CHESNUT FILLY by Adventurer out of May Queen.  
 99. MY WONDER by Blair Athol out of Papoose by Newminster; covered by George Frederick.  
 100. MISS MANNERING by Blair Athol out of Lucy Bertram by Newminster; covered by Kaiser.  
 101. A BAY FILLY by Carnival out of Miss Mannerling.  
 102. MARY AMBREE by Buccaneer out of Little Hannah; covered by Blair Athol.  
 103. MUNIFICENCE by Macaroni out of Lady Bountiful; covered by Cadet.  
 104. MISHAP by Wild Oats out of Lovelace; covered by Kaiser.  
 105. A BAY FILLY by Carnival out of Mishap.  
 106. N.B. by Dundee out of Irish Point (sister to Dalby); covered by Jolly Friar.  
 107. NOISY, by Y. Trumpeter out of Leda; covered by Cadet.  
 108. A BAY COLT by Wild Oats out of Noisy.  
 109. NUKUHEVA by Neasham out of Type by Touchstone; covered by Cadet.  
 110. ORTOLAN by Saunterer out of Swallow; covered by Blair Athol.  
 111. A CHESNUT FILLY by Blair Athol out of Ortolan.  
 112. PAPOOSE by Newminster out of the Squaw; covered by Craig Millar.  
 113. POLLAS by Weatherbit out of Athena Pallas; covered by George Frederick.  
 114. PIMPERNEL by Beadsman out of Cavriana; covered by Wild Oats and Blair Athol.  
 115. PHILLINA by Bonnyfield out of Menandrea by Lord Lyon; covered by Blue Gown.  
 116. QUEEN OF THE CHASE by Blair Athol out of Nutbush; covered by Wild Oats.  
 117. A BAY FILLY by Wild Oats out of Queen of the Chase.  
 118. REGINELLA by King Tom out of Flax; covered by Wild Oats.  
 119. A CHESNUT COLT by Blair Athol or George Frederick out of Reginella.  
 120. ROSE OF KENT by Kingston out of England's Beauty; covered by Wild Oats.  
 121. REINE SAUVAGE by King Tom out of Black Rose; covered by Blair Athol.  
 122. A CHESNUT COLT by Blue Gown out of Reine Sauvage.  
 123. SCOTCH REEL by Scottish Chief out of Masquerade; covered by Craig Millar.  
 124. FILLY by Blue Gown out of Scotch Reel.  
 125. STEPPE by Saunterer out of Seclusion; covered by Wild Oats.  
 126. A BAY COLT by Doncaster out of Steppe.  
 127. STOCKHAUSEN by Stockwell out of Ernestine by Touchstone; covered by Cadet.  
 128. SHEPHERD'S BUSH by Lord Clifden out of The Doorha by The Hermit; covered by Blair Athol.  
 129. A BAY COLT by Blair Athol out of Shepherd's Bush.  
 130. SEMIRAMIS by Thormanby out of Souvenir; covered by Craig Millar.  
 131. ROAN COLT by Wild Oats out of Semiramis.  
 132. SOUTHERN CROSS by Y. Melbourne out of Urania; covered by Blue Gown.  
 133. SO GLAD by Gladiateur out of Baroness by Stockwell; covered by See-Saw.  
 134. SWEET CICELY by Lord Clifden out of Cecilia by Blair Athol; covered by Wild Oats.  
 135. A BAY FILLY by Carnival out of Sweet Cicely.  
 136. SUMMER'S EVE by Stockwell out of Summer-side (winner of the Oaks); covered by See-Saw.  
 137. TRICKISH by Prime Minister out of Sharp Practice by Voltigeur; covered by Wild Oats.  
 138. TRUEFIT by Wild Huntsman out of Tension; covered by Blue Gown.  
 139. A BAY COLT by Springfield out of Truefit.  
 140. TROMPETTE by Trumpeter out of Court Card; covered by Kaiser.  
 141. TEA ROSE by Voltigeur out of Hedge Rose; covered by George Frederick.  
 142. A BAY COLT by Blue Gown out of Tea Rose.  
 143. VERGISS-MEIN-NICHT by The Flying Dutchman out of Forget-me-Not; covered by Blair Athol.  
 144. A CHESNUT FILLY by Blair Athol out of Vergiss-mein-Nicht.  
 145. VIOLET by Thunderbolt out of Bargain; covered by Blue Gown.  
 146. A BAY COLT by See-Saw out of Violet.  
 147. VAGARY by Musid out of Vaga by Stockwell; covered by Blair Athol.  
 148. VALCREUSE by Doliar out of Euryanthe; covered by George Frederick.  
 149. A CHESNUT COLT by Prince Charlie out of Valcreuse.  
 150. WILD SWAN by Wild Dayrell out of Rara Avis; covered by Blair Athol.

## STALLIONS.

151. CADET (1867) by Buccaneer out of Dahlia, by Orlando her dam. Peri by Birdcatcher out of Perdita by Langar.  
 152. CATERER (1859) by Stockwell out of Selina by Orlando, her dam The Lady of Silverkeld Well by Velocipede.  
 153. WILD OATS (1866) by Wild Dayrell out of The Golden Horn (dam of Reverberation, &c.) by Harkaway her dam by Little Red Rover out of Eclat by Edmund.  
 154. LAIR ATHOL (1861) (winner of the Derby and St. Leger) by Stockwell out of Blink Bonny (winner of the Derby and the Oaks) by Melbourne her dam Queen Mary by Gladiator.

Catalogues may be had on application to Mr. Rymill, Auctioneer, Barbican, E.C., or to Mr. Kendrick, 93, Gresham-street, E.C.  
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No. 226, for SEPTEMBER, 1879.

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## HORSE AUCTIONS.

## DONCASTER SALES.

**M**ESSRS. TATTERSALL will Sell by Auction at Doncaster (in the Paddocks opposite the Horse Fair), on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, September 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th, at TEN o'clock precisely, the following Yearlings, &c., with their engagements.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—Messrs. Tattersall beg to give notice that all lots at their yearling and thorough-bred sales are expected to be paid for before delivery, and that if orders are given to their regular customers after a sale, it must be upon the understanding that they are to be paid for on the following Monday at Albert-gate.

Owners or their agents delivering lots without a written order from Messrs. T., or their Clerk, will make themselves responsible for the amount of any such lots. Messrs. Tattersall's office will be at Mr. Willoughby's, 8, Hall-gate, Doncaster.

In consequence of the number of lots the Sale will commence each day at 10 o'clock punctually.

## TUESDAY.

With engagements, the property of Mr. Jas. Hawke-ridge.

**BAY** YEARLING COLT by Bluemantle out of Nine of Diamonds (dam of Tentergate) by Dundee out of Curse Royal.

The property of Cecil Samuda, Esq.

**BAY** YEARLING COLT (own brother to Claudius) by Cecrops out of Light (dam of several winners).

The following YEARLINGS, with their engagements, the property of Mr. R. Wright, of High Gingerfield.

**GLEN** LIBERTY, brown colt by Glenlyon out of Escape by Y. Dutchman (by Flying Dutchman) out of Gaynor by The Cure—Gay by Melbourne.

**CLIP** THEIR WINGS, bay filly by Glenlyon out of Vitulia by Arthur Wellesley (sire of Mornington) her dam Prairie Bird (dam of Bird on the Wing) by Touchstone—England's Beauty (dam of Silverhair, &c.)

**SANDRINGHAM**, brown colt by Glenlyon out of Alexandra (Iron Duke's dam) by Nevil—Wild Duck by Pomper by Emilus.

**GLEN** VOLE, bay colt by Glenlyon out of Volt (dam of Amateur, Sir Arthur, &c.) by Barnton.

**GLEN** PRINCE, bay colt by Glenlyon out of Queen Emma (Princess Theresa's dam) by Prince Minister.

**HIGH** GINGERFIELD, bay colt by Kingcraft out of Mitraileuse by Arthur Wellesley (by Melbourne) her dam Ecstasy by Touchstone.

**MAHOMET**, bay colt by Speculum out of Irene (Queen Mab's dam) by King Tom.

**GLEN** RUBY, bay colt (brother to Falmouth) by Glenlyon (son of Stockwell) out of Dewdrop by Mildew by Slane.

**CHESNUT** COLT by Wild Dayrell II. out of Faith by Mildew (by Slane) her dam by Essedarius by Gladiator, his dam by Velocipede.

The WOODLANDS YEARLINGS, with engagements. **FILLY** by Macgregor—Bee Bird by Buccaneer. **COLT** (brother to Nellie Macgregor) by Macgregor—Mandarin's dam.

**FILLY** by Macgregor—Activity's dam.

**COLT** by Macgregor—Knavery by Lord Clifden.

**FILLY** (sister to Ronald McEach) by Macgregor—Nebula.

**COLT** by Macgregor—Finesse (winner of Queen's plates).

Mr. John Barry's.

**BAY** COLT, Cash by Macgregor—Ready Money, by Old Robert—Hestress.

Mr. John Heslop's.

**FILLY** by Argyle, dam by Kettledrum—Lady Anne.

Mr. John Walker's.

**COLT** by Argyle—Moorgame (dam of Pilot) by Gameboy.

Mr. C. E. Morgan's.

**FILLY** by Andred—dam by Gladiator—Poly (sister to Nancy),

Mr. James Gowland's.

**LADY** ANDRED, by Andred—Una by Ellington.

**KAISER** II., colt by Kaiser—Approval (sister to Plaudit) by Thormanby.

**MARASCHINO** FILLY by Kaiser—Inverary by Miner.

**COUNT** DAYRELL, bay colt 2 years old (brother to Duke Dayrell), by Wild Dayrell II. out of Una, by Ellington or Dusk.

The following YEARLINGS with their engagements, the property of the Hon. H. W. Fitzwilliam.

1. **CHESNUT** COLT by Lecturer, out of No Name by Teddington out of Queen of Beauty by Melbourne out of Birthday by Pantaloan.

2. **BROWN** FILLY by King Lud out of Ushant by Amsterdam out of Tease-me-Not by Kingston out of Triangle by Epirus.

3. **BAY** FILLY by Ventnor (by Buccaneer) out of Tangerine by Lecturer out of Tomato by King Tom.

The property of Mr. Wm. Green.

**LOWLAND** DUKE, Bay Yearling Colt by Lowlander out of Grand Duchess by Lozenge out of Ladylike (dam of Birthday, Birthright, and Rosebery) by Newminster; with engagements.

## THE YARDLEY STUD YEARLINGS.

Bred near Birmingham.

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**BROWN** COLT by Ben Webster out of Sultana (dam of winners) by Oxford her dam Besika (dam of Knight of the Crescent, Moslem, Tenedos, &c.) by Beiram, &c. (foaled March 7, 1878).

**BAY** FILLY by the Duke dam Lord Clifden mare (sister to Kingwood and dam of Revolver) her dam Vimiera by Voltigeur out of Coalition by Don John &c. (foaled March 17th, 1879).

**BAY** COLT by Sterling out of Datura (dam of Storm King, Dahlia, Nitocis, &c.) by Newminster out of Snowdrop (dam of Gemma di Vergy, &c.) by Heron, her dam Fairy by Filho da Puta out of Britannia by Orville, &c. (foaled April 11th, 1878).

**BAY** COLT by Oxford out of Regatta by The Duke, her dam Datura by Newminster out of Snowdrop by Heron, sire of Fisherman, &c. (foaled April 17, first foal).

**BAY** COLT by Sterling out of Fern (dam of Rama, &c.) by Fernhill, her dam by Beiram out of Addy sister to Chateau Margaux, by Whalebone &c., foaled April 15, 1878.

**BAY** FILLY by Sterling out of Mirella (dam of Cherry Duchess, Merry Duchess, &c.) by Gemma di Vergy, her dam Lady Roden (dam of Lady Coventry, &c.) by West Australian, out of Ennui (saunterer's dam) by Bay Middleton &c.

The Mirella Filly to be leased and kept in training stables, not longer than the end of the racing season, when she is four years old, then to be returned (free of all expenses, forfeits, &c.) to her owners, at Yardley Stud Farm, with her engagements in the Epsom Oaks and Doncaster St. Leger.

**CHESNUT** FILLY, by Oxford or Ben Webster out of Phila by The Duke out of Egyptian (dam of Cairo, L'Or, Orient, Algeria, &c.), by Touchstone her dam Ara by Gladiator out of Twilight by Velocipede &c. (foaled May 22, 1878; first foal).

**BROWN** COLT by Playfair (own brother to Sterling and winner of the Cambridgeshire Stakes), out of Diddington by The Duke her dam Wild Dayrell mare (dam of The Pacha and Puddington) her dam Sagacity by Theon (foaled May 22, 1878; first foal).

**BROWN** COLT by Ben Webster out of Carfax (dam of St. Aldates, &c.) by Oxford her dam Curragoa (dam of Martinique, &c.) by The Cure her dam Tasmania by Melbourne, &c. (foaled April 6, 1878).

**CHESNUT** FILLY (own sister to Dukedom) by The Duke out of Mellona by Teddington her dam Honey Dear, &c. (the dam of Oxford) (foaled February 14, 1878).

## WEDNESDAY.

The following YEARLINGS, with their engagements to the property of Mr. T. Bromwich.

**CRACKLE**, a chestnut colt (foaled 15th May) by Thunderer (son of Homily) out of Revived by Mogador her dam Rosalita by Pelion out of Rosary by Touchstone—Crucifix by Friar.

**BAY** COLT by King Lud out of Pimpernel by Sweetmeat out of Cicatrix by The Doctor.

**BAY** COLT by Barefoot out of Matrimony (dam of Hyphen) by Magnus out of Niobe by Bay Middleton out of Broken Hearted Lady by Sir Hercules.

**BAY** COLT by General Peel out of Beatrice (dam of Prestonpans) by Voltigeur out of Bribery by The Libel.

**BAY** COLT by Thunderer out of Lady Kars by Mogador out of Belle of Kars (dam of Winchilsea) by Knight of Kars her dam Perfidious by Lanercost.

**CHESNUT** COLT by John Davis out of Vocalist by Trumpeter dam by Defender or Mountaineer out of Coccealbym by Velocipede.

**BROWN** FILLY by John Davis out of Saltaire by The Duke out of Cherwell (dam of Somerset and Coventry) by Oxford.

**BAY** FILLY by King Lud out of Time Test (dam of Victor Emanuel) by Saunterer out of Tested by Touchstone.

The property of Mr. F. Earl.

**BROWN** YEARLING COLT by Sugarpunk out of Tailor's Daughter (dam of Seamstress) by Loup-garou out of Hurry Scury by Pantaloan out of Confusionée by Emilius out of Young Maniac by Tramp—Sugarpunk by Saccharometer out of Limeflower by Knight of St. George by Birdcatcher. To be seen at the Salutation Hotel.

With engagements, the property of Mr. John S. Godson.

**BLACK** or **BROWN** YEARLING COLT by Cremona, out of Lambton Mare, dam Radiance by Rataplan, grandam Moonbeam; engaged in the Third Great Trial Stakes at Newmarket First October Meeting, 1881.

**BAY** YEARLING FILLY by Merry Sunshine out of Dinal (own sister to Grassendale) by Hermit, her dam Butterly by Shakespeare out of Dryad by Whalebone; engaged in the Great Foal Stakes at Derby Summer Meeting, 1880.

The property of Mr. Charles Clark, Ashby de la Launde, Sleaford, with engagements.

**BLACK** or **BROWN** YEARLING COLT by Cremona, out of Lambton Mare, dam Radiance by Rataplan, grandam Moonbeam; engaged in the Third Great Trial Stakes at Newmarket First October Meeting, 1881.

**CHESNUT** YEARLING FILLY by Merry Sunshine out of Lexicon by Leamington her dam Lady Alicia by Melbourne out of Testy by Venison. No engagements.

The following Yearlings, the property of Mr. T. Whiting.

1. **CHESNUT** FILLY by Lowlander out of Winifred (Miss Whiting's dam) by Theobald out of Defence's dam.

2. **BAY** COLT by Lowlander out of Tymbestre by The Rake out of Timbrel the dam of Chimes, Carlton, &c.

The following YEARLINGS with their engagements, the property of Mr. John W. Lee.

1. **GREY** COLT by Strathconan out of Conice by Rataplan.

2. **BAY** COLT by Strathconan out of Mattie by Cathedral grandam of Leamington.

3. **CHESNUT** FILLY by Strathconan out of Bracelet by Rataplan grandam by Touchwood.

The following YEARLINGS with their engagements the property of Mrs. King.

**ABILITY** a bay filly by Scottish Chief out of Apology.

**MARMORA** a chestnut filly by Adventurer out of Milliner.

THE CROFT STUD YEARLINGS with their engagements.

1. **BAY** COLT by Barefoot out of Mountain Finch by Blair Athol—Goldfinch—West Australian (first foal).

2. **MACMORE** a chestnut colt by Macgregor out of Lady Annie by Trumpeter—Chiffonniere (Buccaneer's dam); engaged in the Seaton Delaval at Newcastle.

3. **BAY** COLT by King Lud out of Elf Knot (dam of Essyey) by Le Maréchal; engaged in the Convivial Stakes, York, Foal Stakes, Redcar, Hardwick Stakes, Stockton, Great Yorkshire Stakes, York, and Doncaster Stakes.

4. **CHESNUT** FILLY by Andred out of Lady Valentine (dam of Golden Linnet, &c.) by Loister.

5. **BAY** FILLY by Albert Victor out of Gentle Zitella (own sister to Glendale) by Blair Athol out of The Pet by Daniel O'Rourke; engaged in the Seaton Delaval and North Derby (3lb allowance), Newcastle, Great Foal Stakes at Thirsk Meeting, 1880.

6. **BAY** FILLY by Albert Victor or Camballo out of Lady Dot (dam of Perth, Maid of Perth, Gaberlunzie, &c.); engaged in the Redcar Foal Stakes, Prince of Wales's Stakes, and Yorkshire Stakes, at York, and the Seaton Delaval and North Derby, at Newcastle.

7. **BAY** FILLY by Albert Victor out of Letty Long (dam of Lettuce, &c.) by Longbow; engaged in the Thirsk Foal Stakes and Redcar Foal Stakes.

The property of J. Gregory Watkins, Esq., Woodfield, Droitwich.

YEARLINGS, &c.

1. **BROWN** YEARLING FILLY, by Distin out of Victoria Peel (dam of Lindisfarne by Distin) by General Peel out of Vain Glorious sister to Victorious by Newminster; put to Distin, February 7th.

2. **BROWN** COLT-FOAL, by Distin out of Victoria Peel (foaled February 7th).

3. **DIVISION**, by Dalesman, her dam (1865) by Lord of the Isles out of Splitvite (Bribery's dam); put to Distin, April 30th.

4. **CHESNUT** FILLY-FOAL by Distin out of Division (foaled March 28th).

5. **PRODUCT** (dam of Requital) by Fairfield Selection (son of Van Galen and Repulse by Stockwell), her dam Product by West Australian out of The Farmer's Daughter by Muley Moloch; put to Distin, May 22nd.

6. **BROWN** COLT-FOAL by Distin out of Product (foaled May 18).

7. **CANARINA** by Paul Jones out of Vagary by Musjid her dam Vaga by Stockwell out of Mendicant (dam of Beadsman) by Touchstone (put to Distin May 5).

8. **BAY** COLT-FOAL by Distin out of Canarina (foaled April 26).

9. **BAY** COLT-FOAL by Distin out of Glacis by Walking her dam Fortress by Knight of Kars out of Faceine by Melbourne (foaled February 16).

10. **CHESNUT** FILLY-FOAL by Distin out of Proficient (dam of Requital) by Fairy of Wingrave by King Tom (foaled January 27).

11. **DIVISION**, by Dalesman, her dam (1865) by Lord of the Isles out of Splitvite (Bribery's dam); put to Distin, April 30th.

12. **CHESNUT** FILLY-FOAL by Distin out of Division (foaled March 28th).

13. **PRODUCT** (dam of Requital) by Fairfield Selection (son of Van Galen and Repulse by Stockwell), her dam Product by West Australian out of The Farmer's Daughter by Muley Moloch; put to Distin, May 22nd.

14. **BROWN** COLT-FOAL by Distin out of Product (foaled May 18).

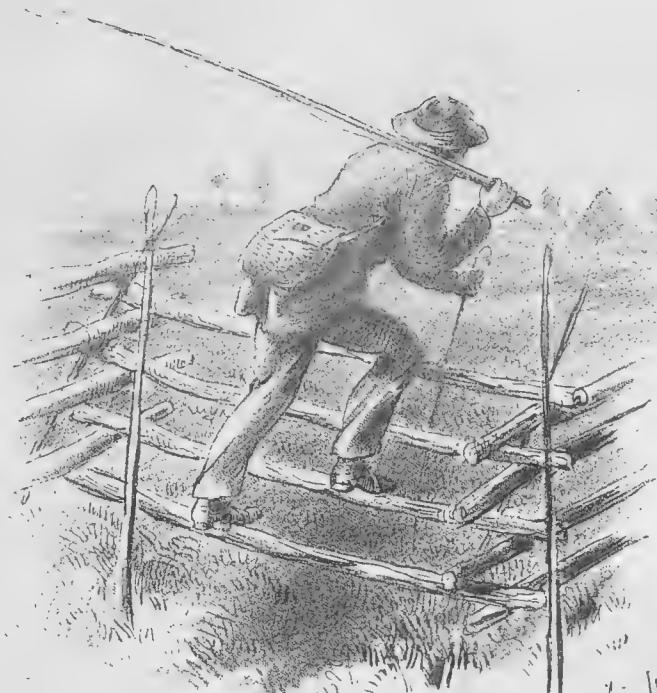
15. **CANARINA** by Paul Jones out of Vagary by Musjid her dam Vaga by Stockwell out of Mendicant (dam of Beadsman) by Touchstone (put to Distin May 5).

16. **BAY** COLT-FOAL by Distin out of Canarina (foaled April 26).

17. **BAY** COLT-FOAL by Distin out of Glacis by Walking her dam Fortress by Knight of Kars out of Faceine by Melbourne (foaled February 16).

18. **BAY** COLT-FOAL by Distin out of Colette (dam of several winners) sister to Miss Hawthorn by King Tom (foaled February 27).

19. **CHESNUT** FILLY-FOAL by Distin out of Proficient (dam of Requital) by Fairy of Wingrave by King Tom



Not smoke! bosh! make a hole in  
the gauge & put yr cigar through

Hi! Give -

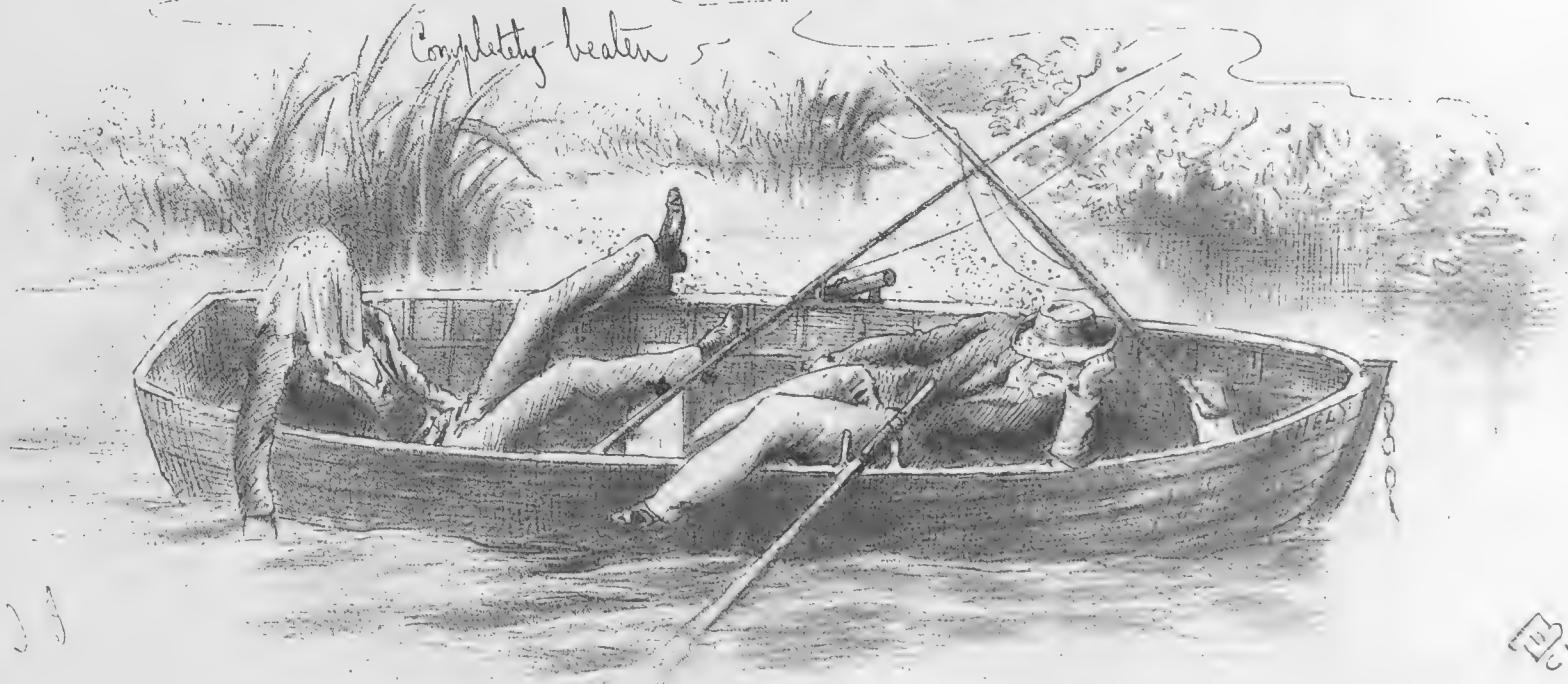
The early bird making for the favorite pool



fly proof -

Not to be beaten

Completely beaten -



## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is particularly requested that all Letters intended for the Editorial Department of this Paper be addressed to the EDITOR, and not to any individual who may be known in connection with it; and must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## DRAMATIC.

G. M. P.—The tragedies of Richard Clitheroe were written in the reign of James I.; although little known, they are works of the highest excellence. O. K.—You will find it in Goethe's "Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre," which is the fictitious biography of an actor.

E. D. LINDSAY.—The ancient Grecian dramas were not divided into scenes and acts, such arrangement was a later invention. The intervals in which the curtain now falls and the orchestra plays, were then filled in by the singing and playing of the chorus on the stage.

CICERO.—Covent Garden Theatre was opened in September, 1809, under the management of John Kemble, his successors were Mr. Harris, Charles Kemble, and Mr. Laporte. Neither of the four reaped any lucrative benefit from their management.

E. K.—When Miss Kate Terry played Prince Arthur at the Princess's Theatre, under the management of the late Charles Kean, she was ten years old.

HISTRION.—The last performance on the boards of the old Adelphi Theatre, called the "Little Adelphi," took place on June 2nd, 1858, after its histrionic career of more than fifty years. Mr. Webster became its manager in 1844.

J. PHILLIPS.—Garrick never played Shylock.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

E. E. E.—Walpole is no trusty guide in that direction. To him the Temple of the Winds, in Greece, was a mere "fly-cage."

GEORGE HOLMAN.—Belong to a club by all means. "Clubs" wrote a well-known author, "are favourable to economy of time. There is a fixed place to go to, everything is served with comparative expedition, and it is not customary, in general, to remain long at table. They are favourable to temperance. It seems that when people can freely please themselves, and when they have an opportunity of living simply, excess is seldom committed."

B. A.—The Red Lions was the name of a club, which arose out of a meeting of the British Association at Birmingham in 1839. Some of the younger members, dining together at the Red Lion in Church-street, so enjoyed each other's company that they resolved to meet in the same way year after year, wherever the association might happen to meet. The club thus originated grew into one of considerable extent and importance. The Red Lions held their London meetings at Anderton's in Fleet-street, where they were very jolly. The old cards of invitation bore a red lion erect with a pot of beer in one paw, and a pipe in the other, and underneath this announcement, "The Carnivora will feed at—" then followed the day and hour. The president's chair bore a magnificent lion skin, presented to the club by Mr. Mitchell, when he was secretary to the Zoological Society. We have not heard that the club has been revived. A vain attempt was made by some of the old Red Lions to revive it in 1865, when the Association met once more at Birmingham, but the "tail-wagging and song-roaring" had lost their old charms.

SPINSTERS.—In ancient Rome all bachelors were placed under certain legal disadvantages, and to these, it is probable, your friend alluded.

E. MAYNARD.—We should think not, because at that date the only legitimate showman of wild beasts in England was the King. Here is an advertisement, issued with authority, of about that date:—"All persons whom it may concern are desired to take notice, That the master keeper of his Majesty's lion-office in the Tower of London, is informed, that several persons do expose to publick view several wild beasts against his Majesty's prerogative royal, and a prohibition given and published to the contrary, as in the words following—That no person whatsoever (except Thomas Dymock [the king's champion] and the keeper of his Majesty's lions for the time being) do for the future carry abroad, or expose to publick view, for their own private gain, any lions, lionesses, leopards, or other beasts which are *ferae natura*, as they will answer the contrary at their perils." There is now a convenient place made at the lion-office, in the Tower, for the shewing of that strange and wonderful beast, called a hyena, brought from Aleppo—the beast never seen in England before; he hath such great strength, that he breaks the biggest of ox-bones, and eats them. This is the beast that Gesner, Pliny, and many others, have so much written of. There is also to be seen the large lioness and the jackall, presented to his Majesty by the right honourable the Earl of Oxford, as also the large tyger brought from the East Indies."

S. G. L. T.—Beadsmen, or prayers-men. The word is Saxon, meaning simply those who prayed for their patron and benefactor. The inhabitants of alm-houses were anciently so called.

I. BARON.—There was anciently no reproach implied by the use of the word knave, which merely signified a servant. Thus in some very old translations of the New Testament, St. Paul is called "the Knave of Christ."

G.—Italic letters were introduced by a Roman, named Aldus Manutius.

E. WEST.—In 1789 a tax of three-halfpence was paid on every newspaper as stamp-duty, and another tax of half-a-crown had to be paid to the Government for every advertisement inserted in such papers.

J. A. N.—The Princess Royal of England was united to Prince Frederick William of Prussia on January 25th, 1858.

THE ILLUSTRATED  
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1879.

## LOOKING BACK.

THE racing season, which annually commences late in March, may be said to culminate at Goodwood, and on the top of the hill we may well pause for a retrospect of the four months past, without attempting a forecast of the same period still left to us before the final fall of the curtain at the end of October. It is not our intention here to weary our readers by asking them to accompany us over ground which they may well retrace, if they so will it, in company with the "Calendar" of races past; nor do we purpose to discuss the exploits of candidates for turf honours with an eye to future events. Our path will lead us rather in the direction of considering how it has fared hitherto with the thoroughbreds who have given pledges to futurity capable of being weighed in the balance; and this we are fairly entitled to do, having in view doings in the Doncaster sale-ring during the St. Leger week. The last of yearling sales in the South has been brought to a conclusion at Sandgate; and we may well take down our books, and tottle up accounts previous to seeking fresh woods and pastures on new the banks of Don, where, doubtless, the same varied and extensive programme as of old awaits pilgrims to the well-known reunion in mid-September. Unhappily for breeders, things are not just now with them as in the days when Plancus was consul, for their customers can now afford to be more exacting and fastidious than at the time when anything boasting a thoroughbred pedigree was snapped up eagerly as a mayfly by a trout. Now we have changed all that, and nothing will go down but the very *crème de la crème* of equine excellence, of which the skim milk is difficult to get rid of on almost any terms, when inferior blood stock has become a drug upon the market. The returns of races past are consequently more eagerly scrutinised than ever, with the object of ascertaining what sires have acquitted themselves with credit so far, thus justifying a more liberal opening of the purse-strings on behalf of their descendants still to come under the hammer in the North of England. The class list, published to-day, will, we flatter ourselves, be found most curious and instructive, and although a very different complexion may be put upon it by the time the last winning number has gone up in November, by its light we may shrewdly conjecture of the ultimate position of affairs when statisticians take in hand the returns of "Winning Stallions." By an analysis of the list before us it will at once be conceded that, if a dead level of mediocrity does not at present obtain with respect to those fathers of the studs, whose names are most prominent in order of merit, at any rate there are no such "bright particular stars" in the breeding firmament as we are often accustomed to gaze upon, to the exclusion of less resplendent luminaries. Departed worth ranks, as is often the case, upsides with living merit; but perhaps the most remarkable feature in the return will be found to be the predominance of what is termed "unfashionable blood" in the composition of the table compiled from the unerring records of Burlington-street. Never, within our recollection, have so many comparatively "great unknowns" come to the front, to confound the theories of breeders, and to put to the rout preconceived ideas of excellence alone being capable of reproducing itself. It is perhaps well that we should occasionally be thus frightened from our propriety; otherwise excellent, but hitherto neglected, sources of blood must be lost to us for ever, and it is only in accordance with human fallibility that we should occasionally overlook the useful in our search after the beautiful. The sireship of a Derby winner is the field marshal's baton which every obscure sire may claim to have hidden in his knapsack, and occasions are now and again recurring, when one "exalted out of the people" leaps to the throne of celebrity over the heads of those held in the highest respect and honour.

The calculation of winnings in the subjoined list is made in round numbers, for the sake of convenience, but will be found substantially correct enough to illustrate the remarks to be made in connection with the subject. The figures in brackets following the name of each sire represent the number of races won by his stock, without taking which into account comparisons could hardly be instituted in accordance with fairness and impartiality:—

1. Adventurer (11)	£13,000	17. Thunderbolt (11)	£3,000
2. Rosicrucian (25)	8,500	18. K. of the Garter (11)	2,800
3. Favonius (7)	8,000	19. Speculum (15)	2,700
4. Thormanby (1)	6,250	20. Macaroni (8)	2,700
5. Rococo (4)	5,170	21. Beadle (5)	2,700
6. B. Athol (18)	4,350	22. Strathconan (13)	2,450
7. Albert Victor (19)	4,300	23. Julius (7)	2,200
8. Carnival (15)	4,000	24. Hermit (7)	2,200
9. Doncaster (6)	3,850	25. Bertram (1)	2,000
10. Lord Lyon (13)	3,700	26. Martyrdom (2)	2,000
11. Flageolet (4)	3,700	27. Feu d'Amour (3)	2,900
12. See Saw (11)	3,370	28. Cymbal (4)	1,850
13. The Palmer (20)	3,100	29. Cremorne (5)	1,700
14. Sterling (7)	3,100	30. Pero Gomez (11)	1,500
15. Victorious	3,100	31. D. Skater (3)	1,300
16. P. Charlie (6)	3,000	32. S. Chief (5)	1,000

With such lucky turns in the Wheel of Fortune as the One Thousand Guineas, Oaks, and Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, Adventurer was, of course, bound to show a bold front, but it must be confessed that his other winners are remarkably small deer, and we feel inclined to agree with a fellow sporting scribe, who contends that the Sheffield Lane sire gets a few very goods one to a great number of wretchedly bad ones, though it must be confessed that his best efforts are nailers indeed, and he seems to have succeeded best with mares having a dash of Venison blood. Rosicrucian's position is highly creditable, seeing that he has no particular "great gun" on which to rely, but among the winners of the five-and-twenty races to his credit will be found some highly-promising youngsters, notably Dourance, Brother to Ersilia, and others of lesser note; while, as trainers say, all the lot appear to be able to run "a bit," and Mr. Carew Gibson made no great mistake when he put down a large sum for Rosi's possession.

The next two on our list, Favonius and Thormanby, are a pair of Derby winners to be numbered among the "dear departed," and while of the late Montmore sire it may be said that he never got anything approaching in calibre to Sir Bevys, by far the most important "factor" in the total placed to his credit—Thormanby owes his position entirely to Charibert, rather a lucky winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, and almost the sole representative of the son of Alice Hawthorn. Rococo, a horse tracing up to Sir Hercules, through General di Vergy, has been exalted through the instrumentality of Chippendale, whose performances cannot be styled "fluky," though the sticky ground in the early part of the year may have served him, and his sire is pretty sure to be "unearthed" in time for the breeding season of 1880. Blair Athol would cut a sorry figure indeed but for Sabella and Tulach Ard, a pair of two-year-olds not quite in the first class; and the King of Cobham is run very hard indeed by Albert Victor, whose stock have won nineteen races—a most creditable performance, and one that should be sufficient to gain for him promotion next year, without taking into account what the last half of the racing season may place to his credit. The defunct Carnival's return of 15 races and £4,000 won must make us more than ever regret his untimely decease; and first among the *débutantes* is undoubtedly Doncaster, concerning whose success at the stud many serious doubts had been expressed, though we take it Bend Or will tend to convince the sceptics. Lord Lyon holds his own fairly well, Touchet and Placida being the main contributors to his sum total, which is "tied" by Flageolet, a French sire, but patronised by English breeders, and it must be admitted that Rayon d'Or and Zut have proved themselves useful breeders, and they are among the first of Flageolet's produce. See Saw's place in the class list must be gratifying to Mr. Hume Webster, and Discord has given him a capital lift; while we feel the loss of The Palmer more sorely every day, and it may be noted that he stands next to his brother Rosicrucian in point of number of races won. Those famous sprinters Prince Charlie and Sterling are about "trick and tie," though the former "Prince of the T.Y.C." has played such a grand card as Isonomy; and old Thunderbolt invariably shows up respectably, though, as a rule, his stock stay no better than their sire. The *quondam* companions at Moorlands, Knight of the Garter, and Speculum, are close together, and while we regard the former as rather a neglected aspirant to stud honours, it must be admitted that the latter has failed, so far, to justify his elevation to rank with hundred guinea stallions, though his promotion was due strictly to merit on his "form" of last season. Macaroon is low down in the list, considering his high fee, and has had nothing to help him along of late; while Beadle, on the contrary, has rung himself in with the Song, and we hear that 50 guineas will be asked for his services in 1880. The elegant Strathconan invariably shows us something only a little way removed from first-class, in which category he might himself be placed; and next to the Yorkshire grey come those old opponents Julius and Hermit, the bay with a very slight lead of the chestnut, and we note that the latter's fee has been reduced to 100 guineas for the ensuing year. Bertram is quite a "single speech Hamilton" with Robert the Devil alone to represent him; but this handsome of the Duke must be bracketed with Martyrdom and Feu d'Amour, of which the first-named owns Lartington, doubtless a smart horse in handicap company, and the Frenchman's first pledge is Oceania, justly reputed the best two-year-old in England, though she is not heavily engaged in this country. Phénix has helped to place Cymbal in such good company; but as yet we have seen but few of the latter's stock on this side of the Channel, though in France he has winners galore, albeit his chances have been few and far between. Cremorne should, doubtless, have held his head higher, looking at the fee demanded for his services; nor has Pero Gomez made the progress anticipated for him, though we cannot doubt he will some day make his mark, looking at the manner in which Beadsman's other sons have performed at the stud. Dutch Skater has hardly had a chance in this country as yet; while Scottish Chief seems to be dreadfully down upon his luck at present, and he has invariably made and lost his reputation by fits and starts. We have thus run hastily through the list, not at the length we could wish, but we shall have further opportunity of returning to the subject at the close of the season, when all will have had a fair chance of enhancing their reputations, or of making up for early shortcomings. If the crack sires of the day have managed to hold their positions fairly well, and to justify their demands for high fees; on the other hand, there is abundance of hope for owners of and seekers after stallions of so-called unfashionable blood, who, doubtless, will not fail to take advantage of the mines of wealth they have discovered so unexpectedly. To many dismal failures we need not here allude, but we may offer some suggestions in the shape of comfort, chief amongst them being the reflection that many have only achieved distinction late in life, and after long and patient waiting on the part of owners determined to do full justice to their choices.

CONTRARY to expectation, and despite doleful reports from the Scotch moors, supplemented by express misgivings from several English, Welsh, and Irish districts, the grouse-shooting season has already produced fair sport, as ample bags from different quarters testify. In Scotland particularly the supply of birds has been found, generally speaking, far in excess of what was anticipated, and though the year will not be a marked one in the annals of the sport, and perhaps not up to the average, still the general result of the shooting will probably be such as to satisfy all sportsmen, except those who look to the bags to recoup all, or the greater part of, their expenses.

The Dover Volunteers in the competition at Hythe were successful in carrying off the Battalion Cup and £10, and the third prize also. The Sergeants' Cup was won by Sergeant D. Hearn, and the first prize in the All Comers' Prize by Sergeant-Instructor Merton: Lieutenant Vernon Knocker won the Officers' Bi-annual Challenge Cup.

Some of the Paris theatrical papers have been announcing to the world that the French lyric stage is about to be adorned with no less a person than the son of the Duke of Argyll. The only ground given for this extraordinary belief is that the aspirant's name is Campobello.

## ROBERT EUDE,

A STORY OF ENGLISH LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

By A. H. WALL.

## PART THREE.

## CHAPTER XI.

"Ah, Sir! truly thou dost well. For men ought always to pluck and pillage the churl, who is like the willow—it sprouteth out the better for being often cropped."—*Flatterer in an Ancient Story.*

"The man, it would seem 'had walked' as they say, 'humbly with God'; humbly and valiantly with God; struggling to make the Earth heavenly as he could, instead of walking sumptuously and proudly with Mammon, leaving the Earth to grow hellish as it liked."—Thomas Carlyle on "Landlord Edmund."

THE mystic spell of blending darkness and silence rested solemnly upon the old forest of Arden. From the cavern in the hillside, where Robert Eude found hiding, fitful gleams of red firelight, stealing through the chinks and holes of the rude door, fell on bush and tree. Robin was quietly making a bow for little John, who sat apart with Edith, nursing her thin, cold hand in his own little dirty, brown paws; their figures coming and going in the smoky gloom as the flames of the burning logs arose and fell.

A clattering of wine cups went up with a roar of laughter and wildly mirthful noises of unseemly jests and coarse oaths, singing, and music, from the great hall within the walls of Loxley Castle, where, in a broader and more lurid glow of flaring torches, reigned the usual nightly festivities.

And the while, without, in the thick gloom under the trees, gathered groups of desperate men, who stole secretly away, with their lives in their hands, to slay their liege lord and master's sylvan game. Should they and theirs die of hunger, while fat deer ran in the chase, fat hogs fed on the hillsides, and fat sheep bleated in the sheds? There were conies in store upon the slopes of the hills, and hares in the forest dells, fish in the streams and rivers. They were none of theirs; but it was better to steal than to starve, to die of fighting the foresters and farmers than to die of famine. Since the exile of Earl Eude nothing came amiss to the thievish hands of these midnight prowlers, and many a desperate encounter had ended in captivity, bloodshed, and gallows-made widows and orphans.

The divine art of governing, which as yet is far from maturity, was then in its infancy. Earl Eude came of a governing race, drawing his life from men of noble instincts, and the chivalrous training of his time was as seed in good soil, healthily developing in willing servitude the ability to rule with power and wisdom. But this new lord was altogether different—a fool who separated rights from their moral obligations, and fancied rights could exist long without them; a bat who ran his head against the absurd idea that bread could be made without corn, or corn grown without sowing, reaping, and grinding; or sowing, reaping, and grinding go on without sowers, reapers, and grinders. A man who starved the shoemaker to keep his feet shod. To eat, live, and be merry while passing time in one endless round of sensual pleasure, were the things he claimed as Rights: to preserve order, encourage industry, keep the sowers, reapers, grinders, and shoemakers happy, proud, and contented, begetting unity and preserving peace, were the Duties he put scornfully apart. Hence contagious misery and crime, deeds of violence and shame, the suffering of innocence, the malice, hatred, and uncharitableness, which spread, until once sweet and merry Loxley had become a bye-word and a reproach to the country around; the haunt of misery, disease, and crime; a place to be shunned by all whose presence could exert any beneficial influence upon its fortunes.

But happily this the darkest hour of Loxley's evil fortune was nearest dawn. Amongst those who shared the wild, coarse, careless revelry of the Castle on that the twentieth night of Robert Eude's outlawry was a royal messenger from Queen Elinor, who, in the name of her son Richard, informed the lord holding it that he was no longer royal custodian, inasmuch as William Earl of Preaux had been restored to the King's love and peace and to his heritage in England.

A memorable and thrice happy day for the inhabitants of Loxley was that which soon after came, when, with a great blowing of horns and clamour of dogs, their temporary lord rode forth in final adieu at the head of his spearmen and archers, followed by a great crowd of idle gleemen and wicked courtesans, greasy cooks and grimy kitchen guards, carts loaded with great chests of plate and tapestry, varlets, and hangers-on of all kinds, who had ministered in many evil ways to the pleasures of their unscrupulous patron.

And as they all rode noisily away through the budding woodland it seemed to the men and women who watched their departing as if with them went another and a greater army, a long, ugly, felt, but unseen procession of countless ills, begotten of the strife, famine, slaughter, and sickness which these foul murderers and plunderers had brought with them to Loxley. Their deserted bastards ran wild in the woods and they cared not; they parted from the wives and daughters they had by force or fraud disgraced and ruined, with jeering laughter. Honest men breathed more freely as their voices and the clash of their armour died away out of hearing, and every heart was lightened of a wearying load by their mere absence. Sweet Hope sprang up anew, men went to work in their fields and gardens that very day with suddenly recovered energy, laughter was once more heard, women sang as they made clean and tidy their long-neglected homes; the blight upon their daily lives had gone, the air of Loxley was once more growing sweet and clear and wholesomely refreshing. The good Lord Eude was coming back, and all would soon be well. His name was coupled with blessings by voices speaking from every heart, and they exultingly told how he that went away in sorrow and humiliation was returning rejoicingly, and in triumph to enjoy his own again.

So they thought: but of a verity Earl Eude came back with sorrow and heaviness, in which his noble Countess had an equal share, for their eldest son Robert had not been found, and whether he was alive or dead none could tell.

Earl Eude saw with rage and grief the frightful evils wrought amongst his farms and manors, his parks and lands, the ugly scars of desolation and neglect within and without his castle, the over-spreading weed-like vices and crimes, which in neglect had grown so strong and great. His clear, keen glance took in at once disastrous effects and vicious causes, and wise, bold, brave as he was, contemplation of the task before him made his heart sick and his hope feeble. King Richard had given him back, not the living, placid, woodland beauty he had proudly protected and embraced, but a loathsome body eaten up with disease, an ugly repulsive thing, little better than a rotting corpse. This was not the Loxley he had loved so well, and his first impulse was to abandon it for ever; to find his son, go back to Normandy, and there pass the remainder of his days or years.

Then arose the good old self-denying spirit of noble and knightly chivalry. It wrestled with his meaner inclinations, reproaching him with accusations of fear and laziness, and want of self-devotion in a Christian cause, holding up for here and hereafter the dread of conscious shame and dishonour.

So Earl Eude generously abandoned his intention of flying from Loxley, and went about amongst his tenants and serfs, sympathising and care-taking, stern and resolute in command, repairing dismantled dwellings, re-erecting fences, re-setting up old boundary marks, punishing offenders, helping the poor, providing nurses for the sick, reproaching, encouraging, or threatening, as need arose. Messengers were sent out to purchase here and there, who returned with heavily-laden wains, the idle and able were compelled to work, wrongs were righted, and at length a dim glimmering of better things to come, when their lord would have reward and rest, began to be visible.

But Robin, ever-sought, was never found, and fears began to arise that he was dead, so the hearts of the Earl and his Countess waxed daily heavier and heavier, for death had been busy in Normandy, and Robert, if alive, was now their only son.

Despite the depressing influence of fear and sorrow for her son, the Lady Joanna led an active life, ably seconding all her noble husband's efforts to do good. For a time her pet dogs and caged birds, her garden, and her embroidery were neglected, and she devoted all her time to the poor churls and villeins visiting their cottages and huts, distributing bread and frequent doles, providing the sick with medicine, and when not so occupied always busy with her *chambrières* or maidens, carding, weaving and spinning for the cloth which they afterwards made into garments for men, women, and children who might otherwise have gone naked.

Ever and anon Lady Joanna sighed heavily, as her nimble white fingers danced to the music of her spinning-wheel.

So Alice, the eldest of her maidens, said, pitifully—

"Madam, why are your thoughts so sorrowful, and why do you sigh so often? Your exile is no more; the King is your friend and his Royal mother loves you. Your coffers lack not gold nor silver. Your falcons are birds of rare value, and there are many on your perches. You have mules and palfreys and baggage horses. Your castles are strong, your vassals faithful, your lord an Earl, the best and bravest of all good knights."

The lady turned to her with a sweet, sad smile, replying—

"I sometimes sigh for Loxley, and sometimes for my son."

"Ah! madam," said Alice, at once excusing and reproaching herself, "I had forgotten your son. It is so long since we have seen him."

"A mother never forgets," said Joanna sadly.

Nor did she; for by night and day Robert was ever in her thoughts.

John the Priest, Lord William's steward, was as earnest as his lord and lady were in doing good work for Loxley. He took care that there should be no lack of material to employ all who came to work within the castle walls, tailors, shoemakers, gardeners, butchers, leather-dressers, and others, and he found plenty of work for ploughmen, woodmen, water-bearers, shepherds, hedgers and ditchers, and other outdoor labourers.

Our gentle lady found the castle almost as sadly changed as the town was. There had been no mistress to see that the hostel or hall and its porches were daily swept and strewn with fresh rushes or straw, as she had seen; to note that the benches and forms and stools were kept polished and free from dust, as they had been in her time. No one had cared to preserve or repair the furniture and fittings. Doors and cupboards were broken, walls damaged, the window gratings rusty, and the thick woollen window-curtains torn and stained and stiff with dirt. Soot hung in trembling flakes from the great smoke-blackened beams and rafters; spiders had woven their webs undisturbed in all the corners. She—good housewife that she was!—soon altered all these things.

It was pleasant to see this kindly lord and his gentle lady walking over the drawbridge hand in hand (\*) when the spring evenings were fine, and the bell was calling to vespers, talking as lovingly now that they were growing old and grey as they had talked in the old summer days, when little Robin played ball with them, or shot little blunted arrows at his target on the castle green, or in the hall when the logs were burning laughed aloud in the merry winter games of Hoodman's-blind or Hot Cockles. And when they knelt once more in that little chapel amongst their loving people, with what heart-felt prayers of tearful earnestness they implored the Virgin Mary and all the saints to intercede with God that Robert their son might come to them again, might succeed his father as lord of Loxley, when it should once more merit the epithets of "sweet" and "merry," the while every man was their beadsman, and every wish that went direct to heaven was for blessings on them and theirs.

At the close of a quiet Sabbath day, when the talk of William and Joanna had been of their outlawed son, they sat in the stone window-niche of the hall, the soft air toying with their hair, and the sunset glow upon their faces. The lady said, tenderly:

"It is many a long year since I saw the cave in which Robin was born. Do you think you could find it again, William?"

"I am sure I could."

"I have been thinking much about it. We spent some happy hours in it once."

With his arm about her waist, he pressed her closer to him, saying:

"I was always happy when you were by my side, dear spouse. And yet what terrors and dangers surrounded us."

"And yet I was half reluctant to leave; the briars and brambles clung about us as if they were loth to let us go. Don't you remember?"

The Earl smiled and nodded.

"Alice and I used to count the weary minutes till you came, and perversely chide their lagging footsteps; they halted so lamely after our impatient wishes. She looked for you almost as eagerly as I did. Sometimes, do you know, William—it was very foolish!—I was really almost jealous of her. I used to think no one had a right to love you but myself. But now I know no one ought not to love you. Do you remember how once in the autumn we counted the colours of the trees until at last we wanted names for them? I can see those trees and that cavern now as plainly as I saw it then. What a variety of beautiful flowers we gathered to make our couch look pretty and smell sweet. Do you remember the garlands I wove and made you wear when we were there?"

"Do you remember how gloomy the yew trees were beside the cavern door?"

"Aye, to be sure. I remember now—they were yew trees."

"I have a bow that was made from one of them in memory of that cave. 'Tis a good bow too."

"I was thinking of all these things yesterday, when I stood with the warden on the keep and looked down into the valley, where I could trace the footpath that went winding up into the dark wood along which we stole so silently and swiftly after the priest had made us one, before there was a soul awake in Loxley. There was a thick white mist around us, making everything ghost-like. Do you remember? I almost think I could find the cave alone."

\* Walking arm in arm is quite a modern custom.

The Earl shook his head and laughed, saying, "'Tis a lonely bewitching maze, with never a path near it. I should be sorry if you tried to do so." Then he arose and proceeded to visit the warden, and go the round with him to see that all was made secure, the ban-dogs let loose, and the watch set for the night; while the lady called her *maitre-d'hôtel* to make household arrangements for the following day. Soon after the rudely-made, broad-based wax-candles were lit in the lord's bed-chamber, and he with his lady retired for the night, for it was growing dark without and was quite dark within.

Now, my Lady Joanna was, like her mother, extremely pious. Before dinner she always had service in the church, attended vespers regularly, and heard matin service and one mass directly after she arose in the morning. Moreover, it was her delight to be awakened every morning just before sunrise by the chanting of matins. But on the morning following the above conversation the priest's chant failed to awaken her. Even at the matin service it was anxiously noticed that she was not present.

Earl William came into the hall asking for his lady, and heard with alarm and astonishment that she had not been seen at matins—that no one had seen her.

The sentinels had seen no strangers, heard no cries, the dogs had given no alarm, the drawbridge was up, the gates closed, and the portcullis down.

Hurried and excited searching failed to solve the mystery; the Lady Joanna could not be found.

Every possible place of hiding or exit was carefully examined. Consternation and horror spread from the castle into the town, out to the surrounding farms, went with searchers into the wood, and plunged the good Earl into a state of excitement and painful bewilderment terrible to witness.

There was but one clue to the singular and unaccountable disappearance, and that was of little value. One of the great wax candles in the bedchamber had been taken off its spike, carried away, and could not be found, and the droppings of wax could be traced to the door of a tower in the outer wall, up the winding staircase, and on to the open platform of the battlements.

## CHAPTER XII.

There wandered like a restless shd,  
From weary night to cheerless morn,  
He roamed o'er mountain, wood, and glade  
Abandoned, hopeless, and forlorn.

*Marie de France* (13th Century).

THAT night Robin lay awake in the dark on his couch of fern leaves within the cave unable to sleep—quite a new experience.

He was heartily weary of his outcast life, and the solitude had grown terrible to him. Edith brooding over her woes and wrongs scarcely ever spoke. Little John was too young to be made his companion.

Yet but for that helpless woman and child, he would once more at any risk have gone amongst men, in one guise or another, seeking excitement, change, and adventure—the elements in which he had been reared.

The death-like darkness and silence were solemn and impressive, so that he remembered how he had not been to mass or confession since he left Tutbury, and he dreaded some new evil, in the way of God's punishment. He asked himself—where were his father and mother, had they yet heard of his offence and flight; and then the shapes of fiends and dragons, headless skeletons, and gigantic black dogs with eyes of fire and breath of flame, wherewith his imagination had but now peopled the darkness, changed to images of sweetness and pity, the soft gleam of a woman's loving eyes, lips smiling in tenderness and affection, until it seemed to him that he saw the Holy Virgin herself with a glory about her head leading some white-robed figure by the hand, which, coming nearer, opened its arms to him, and Robin saw it was his mother's. So strong was the deception that for a moment he believed the fancy real, and sprang up to catch Joanna to his breast. Then it vanished.

"This troubled Robert. Arising, he went to the door of his cave and sat down in the air, full of sad thoughts, frequently sighing.

The white mist was dense and heavy with moisture, and through it the trunks of the farther trees looked like ghosts. Moonlight penetrated the thick darkness and fell in little ghastly streaks and patches here and there, quivering to and fro as the wind moved the black, funereal boughs of yew trees concealing the cavern door. The dim, grey, trembling light gave his face the aspect of a dead man's.

Presently he saw overhead a strange moving light. It resembled the halo his fancy but now had pictured above the virgin's head, could it be the gleam of a moving light, torch or lantern? Startled, he unsheathed the short heavy sword which never quitted his side. The light disappeared, and his quick ear caught the noise of lightly-moving footsteps, then the sound of somebody forcing a way through the bushes, coming down towards him. What could this mean? He withdrew within the cavern door and stood on the alert, listening intently, head bent forward, eyes fixed to the spot on which whatever was coming must first be seen.

The light came again, and with a strange thrill he heard, a low and sweet, melancholy female voice:

"Alice, Alice! has he come? Is the baby well?"

The baby! What baby? Edith's infant was dead, and Edith was asleep within the cave. It was not Edith's voice. Robin shrank farther back into the cave, filled with fear and awe.

"Alice, Alice! are you there?"

That voice! A cold shiver ran down his spine as through the mist a woman's figure, bearing a great wax taper, broke gradually upon his view, weird-looking, unreal, and dimly seen, but oh! so like his mother.

As she advanced he gazed with starting eyes and hair erect, trembling in every limb. It was her ghost!

She came towards him as he retreated, entered the cave, knocked away the grey ashes and stirred the logs into a flame. Robin, in a loud voice, cried:

"Mother, Mother!"

Roused by the cry, Edith awoke, saw the supposed ghost, and stood up, shrieking.

Then in a low trembling voice the Lady Joanna whispered:

"William, where are we?" and in a louder tone, "William, where are you?" Then, shrieking "William! William!" awoke and ran out into the wood. But Robin pursued and caught her in his arms:

"Mother, mother! do not be frightened; it is Robert, your son. Oh, mother! do not look so wildly."

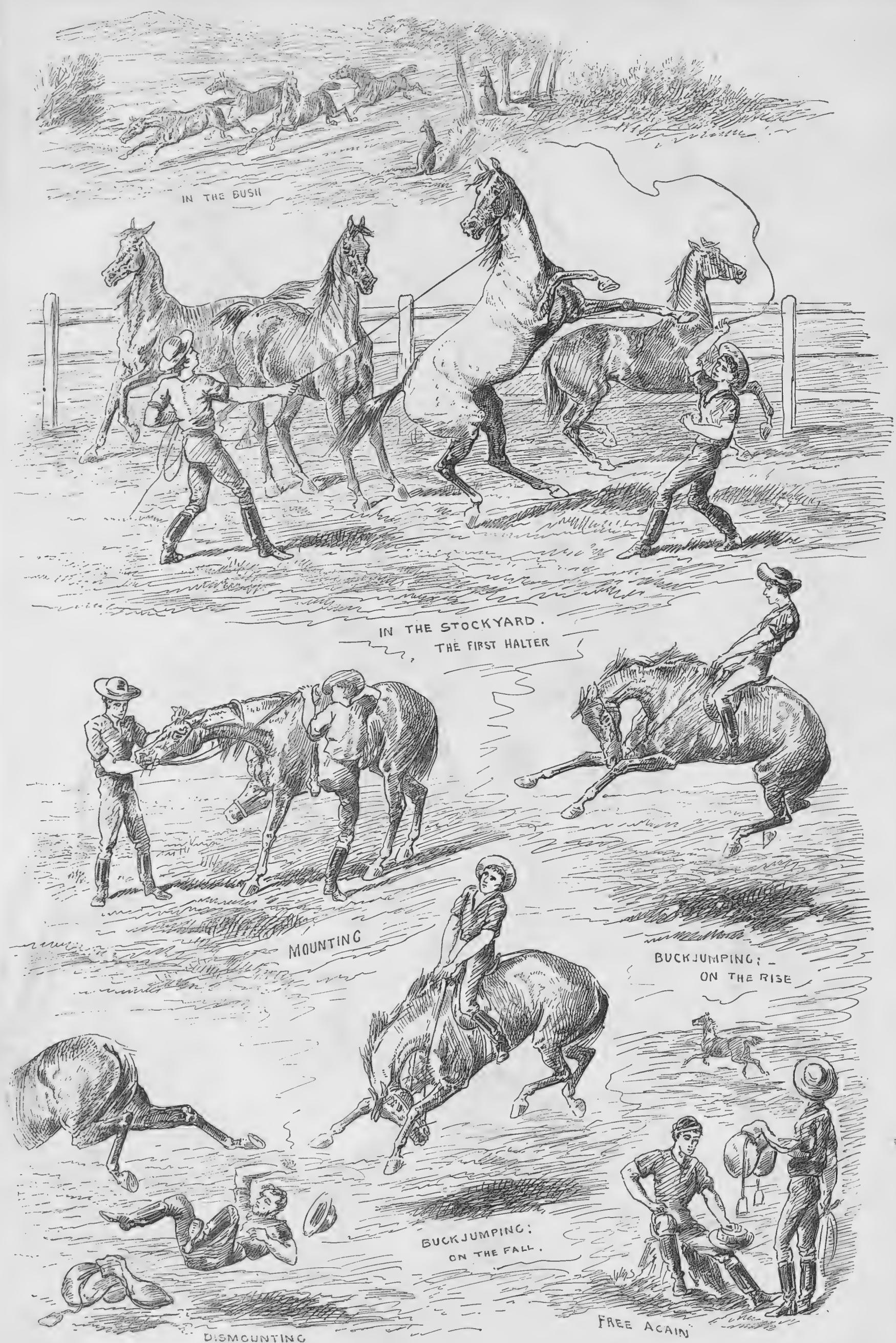
She gazed into his face with a look of terror and amazement, which changed suddenly into a cry of delight.

"It is you, Robert, my son. Oh! Robert, Robert!"

(To be concluded in our next issue.—Commenced in No. 276.)

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## CHESS.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

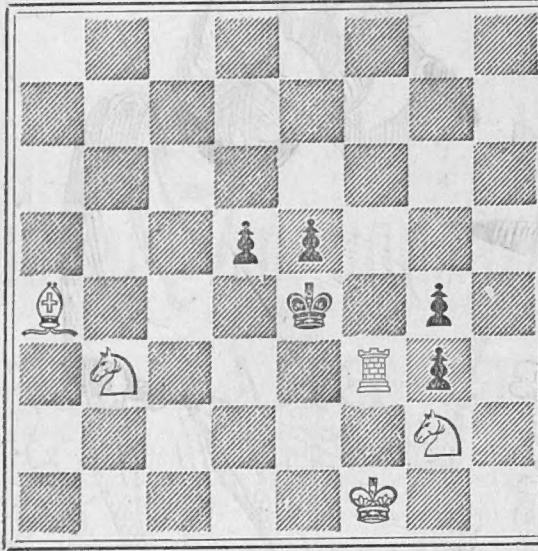
W. G. H.—You have discovered the idea upon which the problem is based, but you have not solved it correctly.  
TIGHT STAYS.—We believe, for the first time, your solution is wrong—Q to Q 6 foils your proposed mate. Moreover, the White Q cannot check at K 6, that square being guarded by the Kt.  
SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 243, by Juvenis, J. G., and F.R.S., are correct.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 242.	
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Q B 2	Q takes Q (a)
2. R mates.	
(a)	K takes R (b)
1. ....	
2. Kt to Kt 6 (mate)	(b)
1. ....	
2. Q to K 4 (mate).	Q to Kt 7

## PROBLEM No. 244.

(M. D. KLARK, of Siberia, from *La Stratégie*.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN GLASGOW.

An interesting game played in the Pirrie Handicap Tourney at the Glasgow Chess Club on the 6th of August, this year, between Mr. J. Jenkins, one of the best Scotch players, and Mr. W. F. Murray, the former giving the odds of Pawn and move.

[Remove Black's K B P.]

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Mr. Murray.)	(Mr. Jenkins.)	(Mr. Murray.)	(Mr. Jenkins.)
1. P to K 4	Kt to Q B 3	14. Q to Kt 7 (c)	P to R 3
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	15. P to K B 4	K to K 2
3. P to K 5	B to B 4	16. Kt to B 6	Q to R 5 (ch)
4. B to Kt 5	P to K 3	17. K to Q 2	B to Kt 4 (d)
5. P to Q R 3	P to Q R 3	18. Q takes P (ch)	K to Kt 3
6. B takes Kt	P takes B	19. P to Kt 3	Q to R 6
7. P to Q Kt 4 (a)	P to Q R 4	20. K to K 3	Q to Kt 7
8. P takes P	R takes P	21. R to K sq	Q takes R P
9. Kt to K 2	P to B 4	22. Kt to Q 2	R to R 5
10. P to B 3	P takes P	23. Kt to Q 4	Kt to K 2
11. Kt takes P	Q to Q 2	24. Q Kt to B 3 (e)	Kt to B 4 (ch)
12. Q to Kt 3	B to Q 6 (b)	25. Kt takes Kt	R to K 5 mate.
13. Q to Kt 8 (ch)	K to B 2		

(a) An unsuccessful attempt to prevent the advance of Black's Q B P.

(b) The key-move of an excellent combination.

(c) No doubt when Black played his 12th move he expected White at this juncture to take K P with Kt, which would have led to a pretty termination, thus—

14. Kt takes K P  
15. Q takes P (ch)  
16. Q takes RQ takes Kt  
Kt to K 2 (best)  
Q to K 5 and wins.

(d) A very neat manoeuvre; of course, if White captures the R, Black mates in two moves.

(e) An excusable blunder, for which his opponent ought to have been grateful, as it enabled him to give a mate which is a perfect little gem. Had White captured the B, Black would probably have drawn by taking Kt P with Q, checking.

## CHESS CHAT.

I DESIRE to pay a small tribute of respect to the memory of Mr. G. M. Newton, who died at his residence in Earl's-court Square on the 31st ultimo. Although he never devoted much time to chess, or got beyond the third class, yet he was a true lover of the game and a generous supporter of its interests. Latterly his visits to chess-rooms were "few and far between"; but he seldom was absent from the arena when any notable match was being fought. He was a warm friend of Captain Mackenzie and a particular admirer of his style of play; and it was he who, on a match being proposed last year between the Captain and Herr Zukertort, first offered a handsome subscription towards the prize fund. He was a clever, pleasant, and warm-hearted gentleman.

Captain Mackenzie is now playing a match with Mr. Hosmer for £100 a side, the winner of the first five games to be the victor, and draws not to count. I hope some of the best games will shortly appear in this journal.

The nineteenth game in the match between Mr. Potter and Mr. Mason was commenced at the Divan last Saturday, and being unfinished at nine o'clock, was resumed at the City Club the following Monday, and was won by Mr. Potter.

The score now is Mason 6, Potter 5, Drawn 8. I remember when the Englishman had scored 2 to his opponent's 0.

An illustrious pundit (one of the two men who know every-

thing modesty forbids me to name the other) observed: "Just what I expected; M— has no stamina in him."

The speaker referred to is great in book lore and a disbeliever in those who have not mastered the authorities.

"Well," observed a bye-stander, a poor punster, "Pundit 'Zed' is wrong, for the first time in his life; unless he means that M— (who is not merely un-bookish, but anti-bookish) has no 'Stamma' in him."

"Stamina," said M—, when he heard the remark, "I could spare him enough to make him fat!"

I learn that a problem has just reached a contemporary from Zululand under rather remarkable circumstances. Mr. A. E. Studd, lieutenant in the 15th Hussars, whose problems have often charmed our readers, was regaling himself a few short months ago in congenial chess society in London. Suddenly he was missed, and all inquiries as to his whereabouts proved futile until this reminder proved that he had neither forgotten his old friends nor his old pursuits.

MARS.

more in order that owners may know how to detect them at an early and curable stage than to direct the amateur to meddle with them in the way of treatment. They are very common affections, and anyone with ordinary powers of observation will hardly fail to catch them at their first stage, especially if he suspects anything wrong with one eye he compares it carefully with its fellow eye, if both are affected he may get the sound eye of another animal of the same species to compare the affected eyes with.

## THE TEAR DUCTS.

After the tears have been evenly spread over the eyeball, they either evaporate, or, if more abundant, find their way into the nose, *not* over the face. We only need point out this simple but beautiful mechanism, in order to enlist the attention of every lover of animals. The larger the subject the better, so we will take for our study a horse's eye. If the opening of the lid be observed, it will be found that the outer end of each lid meets its fellow lid, and forms a distinct point, but the inner termination of the eyelids does not do so; in other words, whilst the outer end is sharp and clear, the inner end is blunt and more rounded. This is owing to the commencement of the tear ducts being at the inner end. This inner end nearest the nose forms a small V-shaped portion; the two branches of the V corresponding to the margins of the lids, which they help to form. Now, by close attention we observe a very minute opening at the free end of each arm of the V, a pin's point in size; this is the all-important opening or mouth of the tear duct. By simple attention to this little fact, the stock-owner may save himself much trouble in the course of a lifetime, because any injury or disease which alters the position of the mouths of the tear ducts, *especially the lower one*, will cause the tears to flow over the face and give rise to semi-blindness. We have already mentioned the more important conditions which alter the position of these ducts, so we need not repeat. A good sound rule for an amateur when he finds tears flowing over the animal's face, in other than short inflammations which are got over in a few days, is to *suspect and see to the tear ducts*. Another good rule is to have the malady early attended to by an expert, except in the cases of very old animals which had better be mercifully put away.

Another useful remark regarding the eyelids is this:—The upper eyelid is the first part of the horse to be filled with dropical fluid in dropical affections. In order to make use of this observation we must notice the numerous and complete folds of the upper eyelid in a state of health, and how completely it is folded and drawn slightly under the upper bony edge of the orbit. Notice the creases or folds, and always look for the cause, if the folds or creases are absent. Horses sometimes bang themselves against the manger and stall, and produce swollen upper lid; but in this case only one lid is affected, except in rare cases. This alone points to a local cause, and not a general or constitutional one, such as dropsy. Besides, there is often an abrasion to be seen when the swollen lid is due to being struck or rubbed against an object. We shall not do more than mention that the eyelids are sometimes torn by projecting nails. This seldom interferes with vision after the injury has been healed, although there may be loss of substance in the lid.

(To be concluded).

COOKS, to their other accomplishments, should add that of being able to determine whether a bird or haunch of venison is simply "maturing" or passing prematurely into the condition of fermenting putrescence. The date of slaughter does not supply all the information required, especially in the case of venison. Some carcases "turn off" in a revolting fashion in a few days, or even hours, instead of simply becoming tender, and still fit for food. The lower animals are probably subject to nearly as many diseases as affect the human frame, and it may very well happen that out of the deer and birds shot no inconsiderable proportion are suffering from disease. Any person who likes to take the trouble of putting a score of braces of birds, or a dozen joints of venison from several carcases, to the test of smell at close quarters will acquire an edifying, if not altogether appetising, notion of the perils that beset the *gourmand*, if not also the *gourmet*. A caution to cooks is never untimely at this season, and it will be especially prudent after a run of weather like that which we have been enduring. These functionaries probably enjoy a monopoly of the power to save us from perils of indigestion, or worse. The purveyors of game, who are the only other persons so situated as to be able to protect the public, cannot be expected to devote special attention to the discrimination between high and putrid. The distinction is far too delicate to be commercially important or even interesting.—*Lancet*.

The following ungallant dramatic paragraph, which appeared in *The Boulevard*, will not be without interest. Mme. Doche, the actress, is fifty-six, Aline Duval, fifty-eight. Adèle Page is fifty-four, Marie Laurent is fifty-three, Miolan-Carvalho, fifty-two, Ugalde, fifty, Alphonsine, forty-eight. Mdlle. Favart is forty-six years of age, Madeleine Brohan the same; Périga and Gueymard are both forty-five. The buxom Mdlle. Schneider is forty-four, and Thérésa is forty-two. Mdlles. Agar, Delaporte, and Marie Sass are forty-one. Carlotta Patti (who, by the way, is going to be married) is thirty-nine. Krauss is thirty-seven, Blanche Pierson is thirty-six, and so is Adelina Patti. Zulma Bouffar and Peschard are both thirty-five. Mdlme Nilsson is thirty-two. Daram, Croizette, Grivot, and Broisat are all thirty-one. Marie Roze is thirty, Judic is twenty-nine, Paola Marié twenty-eight, Théo, twenty-seven, Heilbron, twenty-seven, and Granier, twenty-seven.

The Portland *Press* has an original critic. He thus describes a recently-performed composition: "It was a robust and well-assorted dirge. It opened with resolutions of respect to the deceased, followed by a wake; then the procession went with decorum to the cemetery, and finally came home at a round trot, the thumps representing the carrying home of the chairs borrowed for the funeral, and all was over."

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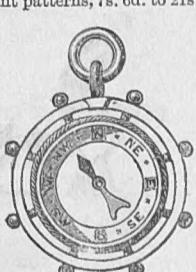
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